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THE HAMNET SHAKSPERE: PART IV.

THE

LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS:

ACCORDING TO THE FIRST FOLIO

(SPELLING MODERNISED).

WITH TABLES SHEWING THE NUMBER OF

EMPHASIS-CAPITALS LOST AND GAINED

BY EACH OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS,

UNDER EACH OF

THE SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH FOLIOS.

AND A FEW INTERIM REMARKS
UPON THE FACTS THESE TABLES PRESENT AND THE QUESTIONS
THEY SUGGEST.

BY

ALLAN PARK PATON.

EDINBURGH: EDMONSTON & COMPANY.
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THE following Tables are the result of a Collation of the Four Folios, principally undertaken in connexion with Shakspere's Emphasis-Capitals, but in whose course there was accumulated much various information as to the Text, which, as this Edition progresses, will gradually be brought forward in its appropriate place. In such an extensive survey, which aimed at the examination of every word,—indeed, of every letter,—in Shakspere's Works, perfect accuracy cannot be expected, but these Tables may be accepted as approximately correct, and as forming reliable materials on which to found and build thought.

It will be observed in them, that of the 42,386 Emphasis-Capitals in the First Folio, about 7,469 were lost in the Course of its three Successors; the Second and Third Folios being about equal defaulters in this respect, and the Fourth losing only about one half of what each of these lost. And this may be the proper place for recording a fact which we have ascertained in our long journey through the Folios, viz., that when one of the original Emphasis-Capitals has been dropped by one of the After Folios, it is almost never taken up by any of its successors: it is abandoned in the march. We think, indeed, that all we have noticed, relinquished by one, and replaced by another of the old Editions, would not amount to twenty. This is a strange circumstance, and only to be accounted for by supposing, that, in its blind eagerness to recover such of Shakspere's Capitals as had been omitted by the Printers in 1623, each had entirely overlooked their own fallibility and the possibility of there being any since lost, of those which were actually in the Original Edition.

It will be seen, on the other hand, that to the number of the Capitals of this character found in the First, its three successors, among them, added as many as 17,527, the Fourth Folio contributing nearly 15,000 of these, and the whole number being thus brought up to about 60,000.

**A.—EMPHASIS-CAPITALS LOST DURING COURSE OF THE
THREE AFTER FOLIOS—1632, 1664 AND 1685.**

PLAY.	Its Number of Lines.	Its No. of Emphasis-Capitals in First Folio.	Of Original Emphasis-Capitals Dropped.			Joint Loss by Each Play.
			By Second Folio.	By Third Folio.	By Fourth Folio.	
The Tempest, - - - -	2333	722	61	12	43	116
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, - -	2241	512	55	29	42	126
The Merry Wives of Windsor, - -	2661	750	47	31	27	105
Measure for Measure, - - - -	2855	589	84	10	58	152
The Comedy of Errors, - - - -	1849	306	22	3	10	35
Much Ado about Nothing, - - - -	2626	165	21	6	14	41
Love's Labour Lost, - - - -	2833	750	25	27	43	95
Midsummer Night's Dream, - - - -	2130	453	5	13	16	34
The Merchant of Venice, - - - -	2655	387	10	9	10	29
As you Like it, - - - -	2780	504	16	13	23	52
The Taming of the Shrew, - - - -	2644	281	11	30	30	71
All is Well, that Ends Well, - - - -	2975	348	19	18	20	57
Twelfth Night, or what you will, - - - -	2468	371	8	25	11	44
The Winter's Tale, - - - -	3309	1834	105	219	230	554
The Life and Death of King John, - -	2642	479	76	48	13	137
The Life and Death of Richard II., - -	2742	1400	86	275	13	374
The First Part of King Henry IV., - -	3058	1984	83	175	25	283
The Second Part of King Henry IV., - -	3257	2261	77	113	28	218
The Life of King Henry V., - - - -	3276	2128	48	47	18	113
The First Part of King Henry VI., - -	2739	1613	54	45	29	128
The Second Part of King Henry VI., - -	3186	1727	65	73	37	175
The Third Part of King Henry VI., - -	3043	1958	77	178	42	297
The Life and Death of Richard III., - -	3696	2063	123	111	35	269
The Life of King Henry VIII., - - - -	3239	1567	61	128	60	249
The Tragedy of Troilus and Cressida, - -	3524	838	41	20	9	70
The Tragedy of Coriolanus, - - - -	3783	2142	102	69	50	221
Titus Andronicus, - - - -	2583	841	37	41	16	94
Romeo and Juliet, - - - -	3068	1166	23	97	22	142
Timon of Athens, - - - -	2494	1294	123	160	29	312
The Life and Death of Julius Caesar, - -	2381	1286	71	214	231	516
The Tragedy of Macbeth, - - - -	2385	1467	111	126	50	287
The Tragedy of Hamlet, - - - -	3834	1720	339	117	84	540
King Lear, - - - -	3181	1138	223	111	53	387
Othello, the Moor of Venice, - - - -	3593	1798	302	136	88	526
Anthony and Cleopatra, - - - -	3475	1453	179	83	41	303
Cymbeline, King of Britain, - - - -	3682	2091	154	118	45	317
			42,386	2944	2930	1595
						7,469
Total Number of Emphasis-Capitals in First Folio, 42,386.						
Total Dropped by Second Folio, - - - -	-	-	-	-	-	2,944
Total Dropped by Third Folio, - - - -	-	-	-	-	-	2,930
Total Dropped by Fourth Folio, - - - -	-	-	-	-	-	1,595
Total Dropped by Three After Folios, - - - -			-	-	-	7,469

**B.—EMPHASIS-CAPITALS GAINED DURING COURSE OF THE
THREE AFTER FOLIOS—1632, 1664 AND 1685.**

PLAY.	Its No. of Emphasis-Capitals in First Folio.	New Emphasis-Capitals Found.			Joint amount of New Emphasis-Capitals in each Play.	Joint Number of Orig- inal and Added Empha- sis-Caps. to each Play.
		In Second Folio.	In Third Folio.	In Fourth Folio.		
The Tempest, - - -	722	14	62	110	186	908
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, - - -	512	58	31	361	450	962
The Merry Wives of Windsor, - - -	750	100	73	239	412	1162
Measure for Measure, - - -	589	82	24	215	321	910
The Comedy of Errors, - - -	306	26	58	117	201	507
Much Ado about Nothing, - - -	165	31	50	73	154	319
Love's Labour Lost, - - -	750	84	45	277	406	1156
Midsummer Night's Dream, - - -	453	7	56	278	341	794
The Merchant of Venice, - - -	387	7	161	283	451	838
As you Like it, - - -	504	7	61	137	205	709
The Taming of the Shrew, - - -	281	9	122	168	299	580
All is Well, that Ends Well, - - -	348	9	65	170	244	592
Twelfth Night, or what you will, - - -	371	64	28	167	259	630
The Winter's Tale, - - -	1834	7	77	95	179	2013
The Life and Death of King John, - - -	479	48	183	1518	1749	2228
The Life and Death of Richard II., - - -	1400	13	66	1124	1203	2603
The First Part of King Henry IV., - - -	1984	6	51	608	665	2649
The Second Part of King Henry IV., - - -	2261	2	45	388	435	2696
The Life of King Henry V., - - -	2128	4	31	373	408	2536
The First Part of King Henry VI., - - -	1613	2	67	278	347	1960
The Second Part of King Henry VI., - - -	1727	9	35	814	858	2585
The Third Part of King Henry VI., - - -	1958	7	40	457	504	2462
The Life and Death of Richard III., - - -	2063	6	90	468	564	2627
The Life of Henry VIII., - - -	1567	11	74	316	401	1968
The Tragedy of Troilus and Cressida, - - -	838	5	32	986	1023	1861
The Tragedy of Coriolanus, - - -	2142	1	18	679	698	2840
Titus Andronicus, - - -	841	3	33	1161	1197	2038
Romeo and Juliet, - - -	1166	5	63	1501	1569	2735
Timon of Athens, - - -	1294	0	27	258	285	1579
The Life and death of Julius Cæsar, - - -	1286	3	20	154	177	1463
The Tragedy of Macbeth, - - -	1467	10	13	112	135	1602
The Tragedy of Hamlet, - - -	1720	39	45	134	218	1938
King Lear, - - -	1138	10	43	224	277	1415
Othello, the Moor of Venice, - - -	1798	39	71	144	254	2052
Anthony and Cleopatra, - - -	1453	20	28	157	205	1658
Cymbeline, King of Britain, - - -	2091	10	27	210	247	2338
	758	2015	14,754	17,527	59,913	
Total New Emphasis-Capitals in Second Folio, - - - - -					758	
Total New Emphasis-Capitals in Third Folio, - - - - -					2,015	
Total New Emphasis-Capitals in Fourth Folio, - - - - -					14,754	
Total Amount of New Emphasis-Capitals in the Whole Plays, - - - - -					17,527	
Total Amount of Original and Added Emphasis-Capitals in the Whole Plays, - - - - -					59,913	

Every one is, of course, at liberty to take his own view of the foregoing Tables, and to draw his own conclusions, but to us, who believe implicitly in the authenticity and value of the Emphasis-Capitals, they are singularly interesting and important, and tell many things at which we could not otherwise have readily got.

For instance, they inform us, that, of all the children of his mind and pen, the dearest to Shakspere, and those on which he bestowed his choicest care, were The English Histories, a fact which we would expect, and rejoice to find established; and of the Histories, they tell us that some special incidents must have attached themselves either to the Manuscript of King John used by his friends the first Editors, or to the printing or revision of it, for as it appears in the Original Folio it is, in its trifling number of these Capitals, quite out of tune with all its neighbours. We find also reasons here for supposing that there has been something out of the way, connected with the Manuscripts of Troilus and Cressida and Titus Andronicus which were used in the printing of the First Folio. Had they remained as they appear there, we should have concluded that Titus Andronicus (of his being the Author of which we are nevertheless as certainly convinced, as if we had caught him "red handed" in the act of writing it) was repulsive even to Shakspere himself, and seldom revisited, and that its Manuscript had therefore a comparatively trifling share of his usual particularity, and we might have concluded that Troilus and Cressida had been so slighted through the picture of false and vicious womanhood necessarily depicted there, having had no great after-attraction to the mind from which issued these types of constancy and purity, Juliet and Desdemona, Imogen and Hermione. But it looks as if more elaborate copies of the Manuscripts of both these Plays had been recovered afterwards, and certainly, they are, with the supplemented Capitals, ultimately brought to a level with the others. To us there is also in these Tables evidence that Shakspere's Three Roman Plays and Seven Great Tragedies (Romeo and Juliet, Timon of Athens, Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, Othello and Cymbeline) received at his hand an almost equal portion of thorough writing-down and noting for the benefit of Readers and Players. They reveal, too, the lighter creatures of his genius, the Comedies—with one exception—viewed by the Master as not calling for much of the same class of severe supervision; and of these, we find The

Merry Wives of Windsor and Love's Labour Lost looking as if they had been chief favourites with him. When the latter was presented before Good Queen Bess at the Christmas of 1597, it had been "newly corrected and augmented," as we are told by the First Edition (4to.) published in 1598, and from the text of which the First Folio does not much differ; and The Merry Wives of Windsor had, we know, been frequently played before the Court. The Royal experiences of these two Comedies seem to agree well with their favourable position in the preceding Lists. The one exception we have referred to is a striking one. If the reader will run his eye down the Comedies in List A, he will see that The Winters Tale stands quite alone among them in the number of its Emphasis-Capitals. It has no fewer than 1,834, ultimately increased to 2,013,—more than twice as many as the highest of its fellows; and, indeed, it is richer in this way than Othello, being nearly 300 lines shorter. Of course, it is the longest of the Comedies, but this does not account for its singularity in this respect, and there must have been some special circumstances. As this Comedy will form the next Part of the Hamnet Edition, we shall, in the Introduction to it, resume consideration of this point, contenting ourselves here with inserting a Memorandum discovered in the Office-books of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels:—“An olde playe called ‘Winters Tale,’ formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewyse by me on Mr Hemminges his word that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing: and therefore I returned it without a fee this 19th of August, 1623.”

As these Tables shew, the Tragedy of Timon of Athens, as it is printed in the First Folio, contains about 1300 Emphasis-Capitals, and the reader will find numerous passages in which, as in the following instances, the words entrusted with special and important meaning are brought into *alto-rilievo*:—

must my house
Be my retentive Enemy? My Gaol?
The place which I have Feasted, does it now
(Like all Mankind) shew me an Iron heart?

Enter other Servants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Yet do our hearts wear *Timons* Livery,
 That see I by our Faces: we are Fellows still,
 Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Bark,
 And we poor Mates, stand on the dying Deck,
 Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
 Into this Sea of Air.

All. We are not Thieves, but men
 That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
 Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Roots:
 Within this Mile break forth a hundred Springs:
 The Oaks bear Mast, the Briars Scarlet Hips,
 The bounteous Housewife Nature, on each bush,
 Lays her full Mess before you. Want? why Want?

We do not think we could produce a better example of the Emphasis-Capital than that which Shakspere has here given to the concluding verb.

Of the Original Emphasis-Capitals of this Tragedy there escaped the Editors and Printers of the Second Folio, 123; of the Third, 160; and of the Fourth, 29: in all, 312. On the other hand, there appeared of New Capitals, not connected with Proper Names, or at the beginning of lines or sentences, in the Second, none; in the Third, 27; and in the Fourth, 258: in all, 285. There follow this Introduction Lists of the lines in which these losses and gains occur.

It will be observed that the Fourth Folio shows only about a ninth part of the loss of its two predecessors, while it gains about nine times as much as they, put together, do; but long as is the List of its Additions of this character, it is with perfect confidence that we invite our readers to an examination of it. We feel assured that it will result in their holding the same opinion with ourselves—that there is not one of these 258 words the distinguishing of which by a Capital Letter has not been regulated by intelligence, and with a strict regard to its meaning, and that there is every reason for believing that the Editor in 1685 *must* have had the benefit of the Original Manuscript, to enable him to make such a multitude of *concordant* additions.

It may assist our purpose to notice here a few of the Words which

received the Capital afterwards, and to state the character under which they appear.

For example, there are the lines :—

One day he gives us Diamonds, next day Stones.

Feast won, Fast lost.

Sow all th'Athenian bosoms, and their Crop

Here, and in similar cases, the Emphasis-Capital supplied, and which we italicise, is complemental. If the word “Diamond” was so distinguished for emphasis sake, such a distinction was due to the word “Stone,” opposed to it: each end of the antithesis had an equal claim.

Then we have instances where the Emphasis-Capital serves a single or independent thought, as in the lines :

The Canker gnaw thy heart
For shewing me again the *Eyes* of Man.

Here a suggestive line is made more suggestive by the Capital. Timon does not say the Form of Man, or even the Face of Man, but the *Eyes* of Man, as if he alluded to the chief difference between Man and the Brute being in the Eye.

Tim. How lik'st thou this Picture Apemantus?
Apē. The best, for the *Innocence*.

Here, again, the Capital attends a separate thought.

The New Capitals will be found to give much reality also, to familiar and colloquial parts of the Text, such as the following : “Upon my Soul 'tis true Sir”—“This is the Old man still” (the same lavish entertainer we have known so long)—“My *Hand* to thee”—“Mine *Honour* on my *Promise*”—“Give me your *Hand*”—“How now what *News*”—“Get on your *Cloak*”—“What do you think the *Hour*? Labouring for Nine”—and so on.

New Emphasis-Capitals in the Fourth Folio are used also for Verbs, as we find them in the First Folio; and this, we think, exhibits in the Editor of 1685 a boldness which could only have been exercised through his being backed by the original “fair copies.” The follow-

(x)

ing cases are a few of these: "I'll *Example* you with Thievery"—"Let me be *Recorded*"—"I'll once more *Feast* the *Rascals*"—"Think thy Slave-man *Rebels*."

The Hamnet Edition, as the reader is aware, professes to be, with the exception of the modernising of the language, a strict Reprint of the First Folio, with its occasional misprints and confusions of punctuation, but an Edition of Shakspere's Works which would (using the modernised spelling) incorporate all the New Emphasis-Capitals in the Three After Folios; correct what are, on the face of them, errors of the press; and run the text properly, where in the First Folio the Printers were misled by Shakspere's Capitals occurring in quite unusual places; would greatly enrich the text, and increase its usefulness to the general public, players, and professional readers. In such an Edition, for instance, the first part of the leave-taking of Coriolanus would appear thus:—

Corio. Come leave your Tears: a brief farewell: the Beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were us'd
To say, Extremities was the trier of Spirits,
That common chances Common men could bear,
That when the Sea was calm, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blows,
When most strook home, being gentle wounded, craves
A Noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With Precepts that would make invincible
The Heart that conn'd them.

Virg. O Heavens! O Heavens!

Corio. Nay, I prithee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike all Trades in Rome
And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what:

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you'l'd have done, and sav'd
Your Husband so much Sweat. *Cominius*
Droop not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
 Thy Tears are salter than a younger Mans,
 And venomous to thine Eyes. My (sometime) General,
 I have seen thee Stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hardning Spectacles, Tell these sad women
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em.

Here are twenty-nine lines in which we have no fewer than thirty-three Emphasis-Capitals, and, to us at least, there does not seem a superfluous one in the whole passage. But this is not as it is in the First Folio. There are in the above, eleven *New Capitals*, all contributed by the Fourth Folio: these are to the words Tears, Beast, Spirits, Heart, Heavens, Heavens, Sweat, Mans, Tears, Eyes, Spectacles, which every reader will allow to have been equally entitled to such a distinction. Besides, Shakspere's odd use of Capitals had, even in this brief passage, twice misled the Printer of 1623. In the First Folio we have:

That common chances. Common men could bear
 instead of

That common chances Common men could bear

The Capital given to "Common" having made the Printer think it was the beginning of a new sentence. We have also in the Original

I have seen the Stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women

instead of

I have seen thee Stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hardning spectacles, Tell these sad women

The Capital to "Stern" making the printer think it was the noun, and that to "Tell," again suggesting a new sentence.

Mistakes so arising, of which, to show that so far from their being simply inserted, after some trade fashion, by the Printers on their own responsibility, these Emphasis-Capitals must have been to them the cause of immense additional labour and anxiety, we gave some specimens in the introduction to Hamlet, are far from rare, and it is but due to the Modern Editors to say, that, in the great majority of

cases, they have made up these breaks, and restored the author's meaning; but, so far as we are aware, they have always done this merely as correcting errors of the press, without recognising what led to the errors.

In Timon of Athens there are several of these interesting proofs that Shakspere's Emphasis-Capitals were often placed by him quite contrary to all the usages of the Press-room, and half-a-dozen of these we shall place before the reader:—

(1) how had you been my Friends else. Why have you that charitable title from thousands? Did you not chiefly belong to my heart? (See page 12 of following Reprint.)

Here the Emphasis-Capital to “Did” misled, and divided the sentence into two.

(2) mine eyes cannot hold out water methinks,
To forget their Faults. I drink to you (Page 13.)

This should be, as it is printed by the Modern Editors,

To forget their Faults I drink to you.

(3) Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: Feast your ears with the Music awhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th'Trumpets sound: we shall too't presently. (Page 39.)

Here the Emphasis-Capital to “If” misled. It should be “Feast your ears with the Music awhile, If they will fare,” &c.

(4) Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steads, to general Filths.
Convert o'th'Instant green Virginity (Page 42.)

This, of course, should be

And minister in their steads; to general Filths
Convert o'th'Instant green Virginity.

(5) This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;
She, whom the Spittle-house, and ulcerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalms and Spices
To th'April day again. (Page 45.)

Here the Emphasis-Capital to "This" was the Will o'the Wisp. It should be:—

She whom the Spittle-house, and ulcerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at, This (the Gold) Embalms and Spices
To th' April day again.

(6) Take wealth, and lives together,
Do Villain do, since you protest to do't.
Like Workmen, I'll example you with Thievery: (Page 57.)

Here the Capital to "Workmen" bred the confusion. It should be

Do Villain do (i.e. Act the Villains, do),
since you protest to do't,
Like Workmen. I'll example, &c.

Besides cases like these, where the Emphasis-Capital occurs oddly within the line, and so caused misprinting, there are places where Shakspere's intention that the first word of a line should be emphasised, has had the same result. Of this class here are two examples:—

(1) Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Ass, more Captain than the Lion?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser than the Judge?
If Wisdom be in suffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great &c. (Page 36.)

This should be

The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser than the Judge,
If Wisdom be in suffering.

and then a new sentence.

(2) *Ape*. There is no Leprosy,
But what thou speak'st.
Tim. If I name thee, I'll beat thee; (Page 55.)

Which last line is nonsense. It should be

Ape. There is no Leprosy
But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

and then a new sentence.

There are two instances of the Emphasis-Capital occurring in the talk of Apemantus, which we think have a very *snarly* sound about them, and which also led the Printers astray:—

(1) The fellow that sits next him, now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas been proved, if I were a huge man I should fear to drink at meals, &c. (Page 11.)

which, of course, has no meaning. It should be

is the readiest man to kill him, 'Tas been proved: if I were a huge man, &c.

(2) I should fear, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: 'Tas been done,
Men shut their doors against a setting Sun. (Page 14.)

This should be

Would one day stamp upon me, 'Tas been done.
Men shut &c.

Timon of Athens contributes its share to the general evidence which goes to prove that the Second Folio printed from the First, the Third from the Second, and again the Fourth from the Third: each correcting some of the original errors, but admitting fresh errors into the Text. Single words in Timon of Athens, which were misprinted in the Original Edition, such as "toongue" for "tongue," "thou grunts't" for "thou grants't," are repeated in the Second Folio, and the name Apemantus, which occurs in the Tragedy about 128 times, is, in about a score of instances, misprinted there, "Apermantus," which is followed in 1632 in about eleven of the same places, and about half a dozen are even to be found in the Third Folio. In the Original we have,—Timon addressing the nugget:—

To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.

Here not only is the word “worshipt,” which should be “worship,” continued through the Three After-Folios, but the colon at the end of the first line, which has no business there, is religiously borne along.

*They say my Lords, Ira furor brevis est,
But yond man is very angry.*

This, which plainly ought to be “ever angry,” is also to be found in the other Old Editions. These are examples of Hereditary Transmission, but we have some of Hereditary Influence too, as here :—

Boy. How dost thou Apermantus?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Boy. Prithee Apemantus read me the superscription, &c.

Here the wrong Apemantus is not only continued in the Second and Third Folios, but the right Apemantus is made wrong to keep it company.

Timon of Athens is not one of the Plays which offers much to support our view, that, in the course of the Three After-Folios, “there was, ever and anon, an alteration made, evidently based on the Manuscript,” still we purpose, as we proceed, recording all alterations of the Text of each Play, however trivial some of them may appear, and so there will be gradually accumulating materials, to which we may more conveniently refer when we come, in a future Introduction, to treat this important point in its due way. So far as we have observed, the following are all the changes of text in this Tragedy :—

Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing,
Periods his comfort. (Page 4.)

The Fourth Folio has “which failing to him.”

I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must need me. (Page 4.)

The Third Folio has “when he most needs me.”

go not you hence
Till I have thankt you : when dinners done

Shew me this piece, I am joyful of your sights. (Page 9.)

The Third Folio has “*and* when dinners done.”

You have added worth unto’t, and lustre. (Page 14.)

The Third Folio has “*and lively* lustre.”

Gently put out of Office, before I were forc’d out. (Page 16.)

The Third Folio has “*ere* I were forc’d out.”

All to you. Lights, more Lights. (Page 17.)

The Second and Fourth Folios repeat “More Lights.”

Ask nothing, give it him, it Foals me straight

And able Horses. (Page 18.)

The Third and Fourth Folios have “*An able Horse.*”

Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him, (Page 18.)

The Third Folio has “but tell him, *Sirrah.*”

There are also several slight indications in the After-Folios of things which were likely to have been in the Manuscript, and overlooked by their great Progenitor. Of these the following is an example:—

(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess) (Page 70.)

Here the whole line is made a parenthesis, and a misplaced comma completes the paradox. As it appears in the First Folio it is all wrong. In the Third and Fourth Folios we find the true meaning—“excessive shame for their want of wisdom”—struggling to free itself, and we get at least one half of the proper parenthesis, which should have ended at “cunning.” There we find:—

Shame (that they wanted cunning in excess)
Hath broke their hearts.

In the Original Folio we have (Page 40):—

2 This is the old man still.

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It does: but time will, and so.

3 I do conceive.

The Fourth Folio has :

- 2 It does : but time will, and so —
 3 I do conceive.

It has been noticed by one of the Reviews that in the first page of the Hamnet Edition of *Cymbeline* there is an error, “*be married*” for “*he married*;” and certainly the word “*be*” for “*he*” does stand in our Reprint, but thereby hangs a tale, and neither the Sons of Gutenberg who labour for us, nor we ourselves can, we think, be justly held accountable for this.

In carrying on the Hamnet Edition of *Shakspere*, we have beside us, what we spoke of thus in our Introduction to *Macbeth*: “The Photographic Fac-Simile published last year by Messrs Chatto & Windus, with an Introduction by Mr Halliwell-Phillipps, is the best piece of fortune which has yet befallen the Shaksperian student, and we cannot conceive a better laid out half-guinea than that through which he can obtain possession of this marvellous reproduction, which, as Mr Halliwell-Phillipps remarks, will, ‘for all usual practical objects of study, place its owner on a level with the envied possessors of the far-famed original.’” We have next Mr Booth’s Reprint, 1864, which is extremely correct, but not faultless. Then we have the Folio Reprint of 1808, in which Mr William Upcott discovered 368 typographical errors, after spending nearly five months in reading and comparing it with the original, at the suggestion of Professor Porson. Again, we have Mr Howard Staunton’s “Reproduction in exact Fac-simile of the Famous First Folio, 1623, By the Newly-Discovered Process of Photo-Lithography, 1866.” And, as the Final Court of Appeal in all extreme questions, we have at hand, The *Four Noble Kinsmen* themselves, the Original Folios.

In revising the Proofs of the Hamnet *Cymbeline*, we observed, and corrected, “*be married*” to “*he married*,” and also “*I see my foot*” to “*I set my foot*” on page 46 of that Tragedy, but when the Reprint was published, these errors were found to be still in existence, and on recovering the last proofs in the hands of the Printers, the two deleted words were found counter-marked correct, and reinstated, as if they were confident of their ground, and were determined to be true to the Original. It only remains then to be said, that in the press-room

there is used one of our copies of the Fac-Simile published by Messrs Chatto & Windus above referred to, and that in these copies are "be married" for "he married," and "see my foot" for "set my foot;" the explanation of which is that there are minute differences occasionally in different copies of the First Folio. For instance, Mr Halliwell-Phillipps' copy of edition 1623 has curious textual variations hitherto only found in Lord Ellesmere's copy.

Sharper eyes may lead to a different result, and we hail the labour of Upcotts, but in the meantime, we are gratified in believing that in the Hamnet Edition of Cymbeline (106 pp.) there is only *one letter* wrong: where, in the 21st line of the 46th page, "Not Cymbeline" is printed for "Nor Cymbeline."

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Lines in Timon of Athens containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Second Folio (1632). (The page referred to in this and the following Lists applies to the present Edition, and Italic-Capitals distinguish what had been omitted, or added.)

		Page	4
When <i>Fortune</i> in her shift and change of mood	Page	4
Traffic confound thee, if the <i>Gods</i> will not	„	8
If Traffic do it, the <i>Gods</i> do it	„	8
Traffics thy <i>God</i> , and thy <i>God</i> confound thee	„	8
'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty <i>Horse</i>	„	9
He pours it out: Plutus the <i>God</i> of Gold	„	10
It hath pleas'd the <i>Gods</i> to remember my <i>Fathers</i> age	„	10
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the <i>Gods</i>	„	12
Immortal <i>Gods</i> , I crave no pelf	„	12
Would all those <i>Flatterers</i> were thine Enemies	„	12
Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the <i>Gods</i>	„	12
to forget their <i>Faults</i> . I drink to you	„	13
We make ourselves <i>Fools</i> , to disport ourselves	„	14
Of their <i>Friends</i> gift	„	14
Our <i>Horses</i>	„	15
May it please your <i>Honor</i> , Lord Lucius	„	15
If I would sell my <i>Horse</i> , and buy twenty mo	„	18
Better than he; why give my <i>Horse</i> to Timon	„	18
My <i>Uses</i> cry to me; I must serve my turn	„	18
Contain thyself, good <i>Friend</i>	„	20
Wheres the <i>Fool</i> now?	„	21
Speak to 'em <i>Fool</i>	„	21
What do you in this wise <i>Company</i> ?	„	21

	Page
E'en so thou out-runst Grace	21
As good a trick as ever Hangman serv'd Thief	22
I think no Usurer, but has a Fool to his Servant	22
My Mistress is one, and I am her Fool	22
What is a Whoremaster Fool	22
A Fool in good clothes, and something like thee	22
Thou art not altogether a Fool	22
Come with me (Fool) come	22
So the Gods bless me	23
Shall I try Friends	24
Deserv'd this Hearing	25
Thou art true and honest; Ingeniously I speak	25
That Timons Fortunes 'mong his Friends can sink	26
And how does that Honourable, Complete, Free-hearted	26
I come to entreat your Honour	26
It turns in less than two nights? O you Gods!	27
This Slave unto his Honour	27
Now before the Gods I am ashame'd on't	28
There was very little Honour shew'd in't	28
Some small kindnesses from him, as Money	28
ne'er have denied his Occasion	28
I have swet to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord	28
Commend me to thy Honourable virtuous Lord	28
Has only sent his present Occasion	29
when I might ha shewn myself Honourable	29
it happen'd, that I shold Purchase the day before	29
and undo a great deal of Honour	29
these Gentlemen can witness	29
cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman	29
who can call him his Friend	29
And Honourable Carriage	30
For Policy sits above Conscience	30
Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends	30

	Page
But his <i>Occasions</i> might have wooed me first	30
Who bates mine <i>Honor</i> , shall not know my <i>Coin</i>	31
the <i>Villanies</i> of man will set him clear	31
Save only the <i>Gods</i> . Now his <i>Friends</i> are dead	31
The <i>Gods</i> can <i>witness</i>	32
And now <i>Ingratitude</i> , makes it worse than <i>stealth</i>	32
What do ye ask of me, my <i>Friend</i> ?	33
take down th' <i>Int'rest</i> into their <i>glutt'rous</i> <i>Maws</i>	33
And make a clear way to the <i>Gods</i>	34
Good <i>Gods</i>	34
Tear me, take me, and the <i>Gods</i> fall upon you	34
(And <i>Honour</i> in him, which buys out his <i>fault</i>)	35
And make his <i>Wrongs</i> , his <i>Out-sides</i>	36
If <i>Wrongs</i> be <i>evils</i>	36
And let the <i>Foes</i> quietly cut their <i>Throats</i>	36
As you are great, be pitifully <i>Good</i>	36
I'll pawn my <i>Victories</i> , all my <i>Honour</i> to you	37
Now the <i>Gods</i> keep you old enough	38
'Tis <i>Honour</i> with most <i>Lands</i> to be at odds	38
Soldiers should brook as little <i>wrongs</i> as <i>Gods</i>	38
I think this <i>Honorable</i> <i>Lord</i> did but try us	39
with that spur as he would to the lip of his <i>Mistress</i>	40
The rest of your <i>Fees</i> , O <i>Gods</i>	40
you <i>Gods</i> , make suitable for destruction	40
You <i>Knot</i> of <i>Mouth-Friends</i>	41
Who stuck and spangled you with <i>Flatteries</i>	41
Courteous <i>Destroyers</i>	41
You <i>Fools</i> of <i>Fortune</i>	41
Of <i>Timon</i> <i>Man</i> , and all <i>Humanity</i>	41
Convert o'th' <i>Instant</i> green <i>Virginity</i>	42
Piety, and <i>Fear</i>	42
Religion to the <i>Gods</i>	42
Lust, and <i>Liberty</i>	42

		Page
The Gods confound (hear me you good <i>Gods</i> all)	.	43
Alack my <i>Fellows</i>	.	43
Let me be recorded by the righteous <i>Gods</i>	.	43
Such a <i>House</i> broke?	.	43
Good <i>Fellows</i> all	.	44
Oh the fierce wretchedness that <i>Glory</i> brings us	.	44
Who would be so mock'd with <i>Glory</i>	.	44
Undone by <i>Goodness</i>	.	44
For <i>Bounty</i> that makes <i>Gods</i>	.	44
Whilst I have <i>Gold</i> , I'll be his <i>Steward</i> still	.	44
The Beggar Native <i>Honor</i>	.	45
And fay, this mans a <i>Flatterer</i>	.	45
every grize of <i>Fortune</i>	.	45
With thy most operant <i>Poison</i>	.	45
Ha you <i>Gods</i> ! why this? what this, you <i>Gods</i> !	.	45
A <i>Beast</i> as thou art	.	46
For shewing me again the eyes of <i>Man</i>	.	46
Here, is some <i>Gold</i> for thee	.	47
The <i>Gods</i> confound them all in thy Conquest	.	47
Hast thou <i>Gold</i> yet, I'll take the <i>Gold</i>	.	48
Here, I will mend thy <i>Feast</i>	.	53
My most Honour'd <i>Lord</i>	.	60
Has sent thee <i>Treasure</i>	.	60
But let the famisht flesh slide from the <i>Bone</i>	.	60
Has been but a <i>Try</i> for his <i>Friends</i>	.	61
But two in <i>Company</i>	.	64
Whose fall the mark of his <i>Ambition</i> is	.	69

There is no word in *Timon of Athens* which shews a New Emphasis-Capital in the Second Folio (1632).

Lines in Timon of Athens containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Third Folio (1664).

		Page	1
If he will touch the estimate.	But for that	.	.
Your Honourable Letter he desires	.	.	4
My Friend when he must need me	.	.	4
'Tis not enough to help the Feeble up	.	.	4
Thou hast a Servant nam'd Lucilius	.	.	5
This Fellow here, L. Timon, this thy Creature	.	.	5
And my estate deserves an Heir more rais'd	.	.	5
Plutus the God of Gold	.	.	10
I'll keep you Company	.	.	10
Honest Ventigius: You mistake my love	.	.	10
No: You shall not make me welcome	.	.	11
Oh you Gods!	.	.	11
than the riches of our Friends	.	.	13
And spend our Flatteries	.	.	14
Upon whose Age	.	.	14
and has sent your Honour two brace	.	.	16
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out	.	.	16
Here my Lord, a trifle of our Love	.	.	16
O he's the very soul of Bounty	.	.	16
Methinks, I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends	.	.	17
It comes in Charity to thee	.	.	17
Ready for his Friends	.	.	17
I doubt whether their Legs be worth the sums	.	.	17
Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth on court'sies	.	.	17
So: Thou wilt not hear me now	.	.	17
To Counsel deaf, but not to Flattery	.	.	17

	Page
Of raging waste? <i>It</i> cannot hold, it will not	18
Importune him for my <i>Monies</i>	18
When every <i>Feather</i> sticks in his own wing	18
My Master is awak'd by great <i>Occasion</i>	19
Mine honest <i>Friend</i>	20
You <i>Gods</i> reward them	25
O may <i>Diseases</i> only work upon't	27
my very exquisite <i>Friend</i>	28
<i>How</i> unluckily it happen'd, that I should <i>Purchase</i>	29
Servilius, now before the <i>Gods</i>	29
Who can call him his <i>Friend</i>	29
To mark me for his <i>Friend</i>	30
For his right <i>Noble</i> mind, illustrious <i>Virtue</i>	30
<i>How</i> ? <i>Have</i> they denied him?	30
<i>His</i> <i>Friends</i> (like <i>Physicians</i>)	30
So it may prove an <i>Argument</i> of <i>Laughter</i>	31
and 'mongst <i>Lords</i> be thought a <i>Fool</i>	31
Takes <i>Virtuous</i> <i>Copies</i> to be wicked	32
You must consider, that a <i>Prodigal</i> course	32
Flaminius? <i>Sir</i> , a word: <i>Pray</i> is my <i>Lord</i>	32
Ay, if <i>Money</i>	33
For you serve <i>Knaves</i>	33
What does his cashiered <i>Worship</i> mutter	33
<i>His</i> comfortable temper has forsook him	33
Be my retentive <i>Enemy</i>	34
Go, bid all my <i>Friends</i> again	35
Upon a <i>Friend</i> of mine, who in hot blood	35
He is a <i>Man</i> (setting his <i>Fate</i> aside)	35
He's truly <i>Valiant</i> , that can wisely suffer	36
What <i>Folly</i> 'tis, to hazard life for <i>Ill</i>	36
That stay at home, if <i>Bearing</i> carry it	36
But who is <i>Man</i> , that is not <i>Angry</i>	37
In that <i>Beastly</i> <i>fury</i>	37

		Page
Why let the <i>War</i> receive't in valiant gore	.	37
For Law is strict, and <i>War</i> is nothing more	.	37
<i>If</i> they will fare so harshly	.	39
<i>The Gods</i> require our <i>Thanks</i>	.	40
For were your <i>Godheads</i> to borrow of men	.	40
Make the <i>Meat</i> be beloved	.	40
<i>For</i> these my present <i>Friends</i>	.	40
affable <i>Wolves</i> , meek <i>Bears</i>	.	41
What? <i>All</i> in <i>Motion</i> ?	.	41
Religion to the <i>Gods</i>	.	42
And yet <i>Confusion</i> live	.	42
That 'gainst the stream of <i>Virtue</i>	.	42
That their <i>Society</i> (as their <i>Friendship</i>)	.	42
The <i>Gods</i> confound (hear me you good <i>Gods</i> all)	.	43
So his <i>Familiars</i> to his buried <i>Fortunes</i>	.	43
That see I by our <i>Faces</i>	.	43
Let's yet be <i>Fellows</i>	.	44
But in a <i>Dream</i> of <i>Friendship</i>	.	44
But only painted like his varnished <i>Friends</i>	.	44
Undone by Goodness: Strange unusual blood	.	44
<i>He</i> does too much <i>Good</i>	.	44
do still mar <i>Men</i>	.	44
Rich only to be wretched; thy great <i>Fortunes</i>	.	44
Are made thy chief <i>Afflictions</i>	.	44
No <i>Gods</i> , I am no idle <i>Votarist</i>	.	45
And give them Title, knee, and approbation	.	45
Come damn'd <i>Earth</i>	.	46
What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee	.	46
That art thyself a <i>Man</i>	.	46
But in thy <i>Fortunes</i> am unlearn'd	.	46
Promise me <i>Friendship</i> , but perform none	.	47
Forgetting thy great deeds, when <i>Neighbour</i> states	.	47
I am thy <i>Friend</i> , and pity thee dear Timon	.	47

	Page
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd	47
Make soft thy trenchant Sword	48
Whose dimpled smiles from Fools	48
Priests in holy Vestments bleeding	48
Your Aprons mountant	48
I'll trust to your Conditions	48
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burn him up	49
That your Activity may defeat	49
More whore, more Mischief first	49
Teems and feeds all: whose selfsame Mettle	50
The gilded Newt, and eyeless venom'd Worm	50
With all th'abhorred Births below Crisp Heaven	50
That from it all Consideration slips	50
Consumption catch thee	50
Be thou a Flatterer now	51
To Knaves, and all approachers	51
A Fool of thee: depart	51
Worse than the worst, Content	52
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men	52
Thou hadst been a Knaves and Flatterer	53
The middle of Humanity thou never knewest	53
in thy Rags thou know'st none	53
A beastly Ambition, which the Gods	54
Lion, and the spots of thy Kindred	54
We are not Thieves, but men	57
That you are Thieves profest	57
In holier shapes: For there is boundless Theft	57
In limited Professions. Rascal Thieves	57
Like Workmen, I'll example you with Thievery	57
The Suns a Thief, and with his great attraction	57
The Moons an arrant Thief	57
The Seas a Thief	58
The Earth's a Thief	58

	Page
each thing's a <i>Theif</i>	58
Ha's uncheck'd <i>Theft</i>	,, 58
All that you meet are <i>Thieves</i>	,, 58
What an alteration of <i>Honor</i>	,, 58
Has sent thee <i>Treasure</i>	,, 60
Not all the <i>Whips</i> of Heaven, are large enough	,, 63
Good honest men: <i>Thou draw'st a counterfeit</i>	,, 63
There's never a one of you but trusts a <i>Knav</i> e	,, 64
If where thou art, two <i>Villains</i> shall not be	,, 64
But where one <i>Villain</i> is	,, 64
Look out, and speak to <i>Friends</i>	,, 65
Lend me a <i>Fools</i> heart, and a <i>womans</i> eyes	,, 66
Live with <i>Authority</i>	,, 66
For their <i>Knives</i> care not	,, 67
That Natures fragile <i>Vessel</i> doth sustain	,, 67
What is amiss, <i>Plague</i> and <i>Infection</i> mend	,, 68
Sun, hide thy <i>Beams</i> , <i>Timon</i> hath done his <i>Reign</i>	,, 68
I met a <i>Courier</i> , one mine ancient <i>Friend</i>	,, 68
Ours is the fall I fear, our <i>Foes</i> the <i>Snare</i>	,, 69
Enter a <i>Soldier</i> in the <i>Woods</i>	,, 69
Our Captain hath in every <i>Figure</i> skill	,, 69
An ag'd <i>Interpreter</i> , theough young in days	,, 69
Whose fall the mark of his <i>Ambition</i> is	,, 69
Enter <i>Alcibades</i> with his <i>Powers</i>	,, 69
Sounds a <i>Parley</i>	,, 69
To wipe out our <i>Ingratitude</i> , with <i>Loves</i>	,, 70
Or any <i>Token</i> of thine <i>Honour</i> else	,, 71

Lines in Timon of Athens containing Words showing New Emphasis
 Capitals which appear in Third Folio (1664).

	Page
In a wide Sea of Wax	2
How lik'st thou this <i>Picture</i> Apemantus	,, 7
Honest Ventigius; You mistake my <i>Love</i>	,, 10
To imitate them: <i>Faults</i> that are rich are fair	,, 10
Fy, th'art a <i>Churl</i>	,, 11
Ladies? what are their <i>Wills</i> ?	,, 13
come freely to gratulate thy plenteous <i>Bosom</i>	,, 13
(Out of his free <i>Love</i>)	,, 15
What needs these Feasts, <i>Pomps</i> , and Vain-glories	,, 17
If I want Gold, steal but a <i>Beggar's</i> Dog	,, 18
Enter Steward, with many <i>Bills</i>	,, 19
With drunken spilth of Wine; when every <i>Room</i>	,, 24
Thou disease of a <i>Friend</i> , and not himself	,, 27
Owes their <i>Estates</i> unto him	,, 30
Like empty purses pictk; And his poor self	,, 43
That the bleak <i>Air</i> , thy boisterous Chamberlain	,, 51
Will put thy <i>Shirt</i> on warm?	,, 51
Will the cold <i>Brook</i>	,, 51
Must be thy <i>Subject</i>	,, 52
The <i>Plague</i> of Company light upon thee	,, 55
He hath a <i>Mass</i> of Treasure	,, 56
Till the high <i>Fever</i> seeth your <i>Blood</i> to <i>Froth</i>	,, 57
An honest poor <i>Servant</i> of yours	,, 59
A mighty <i>Sum</i>	,, 61
And write in thee the figures of their <i>Love</i>	,, 66
Doth choke the air with <i>Dust</i>	,, 69

Lines in Timon of Athens containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals
escaped the Editors and Printers of the Fourth Folio (1685).

		Page	2
It Tutors Nature	.	.	2
Of Grave and austere quality	.	.	3
For since Dishonor Traffics with man's Nature	.	.	6
He pours it out : <i>Plutus</i> the God of Gold	.	.	10
And then Enter Lord Timon	.	.	10
Then, as in grateful Virtue I am bound	.	.	10
They only now come but to <i>Feast</i> thine eyes	.	.	14
'Tis pity <i>Bounty</i> had not eyes behind	.	.	15
Dost <i>Dialogue</i> with thy shadow	.	.	20
There will little <i>Learning</i> die	.	.	21
Feast won, fast lost ; one cloud of <i>Winter</i> showers	.	.	24
They froze me into <i>Silence</i>	.	.	25
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of <i>Friends</i>	.	.	26
That thought is <i>Bounty</i> 's Foe	.	.	26
and an Honourable Gentleman	.	.	28
as <i>Money</i> , Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles	.	.	28
May it please your Honour, my Lord has sent—	.	.	28
hope his Honor will conceive	.	.	29
Is every <i>Flatterer</i> 's sport	.	.	29
But Timon's Silver treads upon his <i>Lip</i>	.	.	29
For his right Noble mind	.	.	30
They have all been touch'd, and found <i>Base-Metal</i>	.	.	30
Labouring for <i>Nine</i>	.	.	32
Your Lord sends now for <i>Money</i>	.	.	32
We wait for certain <i>Money</i> here, sir	.	.	33
The place which I have <i>Feasted</i>	.	.	34
The Gods require our <i>Thanks</i>	.	.	40
Give us some <i>Gold</i> good Timon	.	.	48
to the root o'th' <i>Tongue</i>	.	.	65

Lines in Timon of Athens containing Words shewing New Emphasis
 Capitals which appear in the Fourth Folio (1685).

		Page
It stains the <i>Glory</i> in that happy <i>Verse</i>	.	1
some <i>Dedication</i> to the <i>Great Lord</i>	.	2
<i>Our gentle Flame</i>	.	2
Upon the <i>Heels</i> of my <i>presentment</i>	.	2
Admirable: How this <i>Grace</i>	.	2
this great <i>flood</i> of <i>Visitors</i>	.	2
Their services to Lord Timon: <i>His large Fortune</i> ,	.	3
Make <i>Sacred</i> even his <i>Stirrup</i>	.	4
Attempts her <i>Love</i>	.	5
His <i>Honesty</i> rewards him in <i>itself</i>	.	5
What <i>levity</i> 's in <i>Youth</i>	.	6
Mine <i>Heir</i> from forth the <i>Beggars</i> of the <i>World</i>	.	5
My <i>Hand</i> to thee	.	6
Mine <i>Honour</i> on my <i>Promise</i>	.	6
That <i>State</i> or <i>Fortune</i> fall into my <i>keeping</i>	.	6
The <i>Painting</i> is almost the <i>Natural Man</i>	.	6
Give me your <i>Hand</i>	.	6
The best, for the <i>Innocence</i>	.	7
You must needs <i>dine</i> with me: <i>Go not you hence</i>	.	9
Aches contract, and starve your <i>supple Joints</i>	.	9
Ay, to see <i>Meat</i> fill <i>Knaves</i> , and <i>Wine</i> heat <i>Fools</i>	.	9
I will fly like a <i>Dog</i> , the <i>heels a'th'Ass</i>	.	10
And taste Lord Timon's <i>Bounty</i>	.	10
But breeds the <i>giver</i> & <i>return</i> : <i>Exceeding</i>	.	10
A <i>Noble Spirit</i>	.	10

		Page
Or a <i>Keeper</i> with my <i>Freedom</i>	.	12
Or my <i>Friends</i> if I should need 'em	.	12
And <i>Thus</i> far I confirm you	.	13
Oh <i>Joys</i> , e'en made away	.	13
And at that instant, like a <i>Babe</i> sprung up	.	13
I laugh to think that <i>Babe</i> a <i>Bastard</i>	.	13
There comes with them a <i>Fore-runner</i>	.	13
They dance? They are mad <i>Women</i>	.	14
Like <i>Madness</i> is the <i>Glory</i> of this life	.	14
Men shut their doors against a <i>Setting Sun</i>	.	14
and all <i>Dance</i> , <i>Men</i> with <i>Women</i>	.	14
Much <i>Grace</i> , (fair <i>Ladies</i>)	.	14
Ladies, there is an idle <i>Banquet</i>	.	14
I am so far already in your <i>Gifts</i>	.	15
Near? Why then another time	.	15
I shall accept them fairly: <i>Let</i> the <i>Presents</i>	.	16
How now? What <i>News</i> ?	.	16
has sent your <i>Honour</i> two brace of <i>Grey-Hounds</i>	.	16
Being of no <i>Power</i> to make his <i>wishes</i> good	.	16
Lie in a <i>Pitcht Field</i>	.	17
Friendship's full of <i>Dregs</i>	.	17
I'll lock thy <i>Heaven</i> from thee	.	17
Get on your <i>Cloak</i>	.	18
When for some trifling <i>Present</i> you have bid me	.	23
Prompted you in the <i>Ebb</i> of your <i>Estate</i>	.	23
To pay your present <i>Debts</i>	.	23
Feast won, <i>Fast</i> lost	.	24
To think I shall lack <i>Friends</i>	.	24
If I would brqach the <i>Vessels</i> of my <i>Love</i>	.	24
Men, and mens <i>Fortunes</i>	.	24
That I account them <i>Blessings</i>	.	24
Have their <i>Ingratitude</i> in them <i>Hereditary</i>	.	25
enters a <i>Servant</i> to him	.	26

	Page
lend money, especially upon bare <i>Friendship</i>	27
Upon my Soul 'tis true Sir	29
And yet, Oh see the monstrousness of <i>Man</i>	29
What <i>Charitable Men</i> afford to <i>Beggars</i>	30
right <i>Noble</i> mind, <i>Illustrious Virtue</i>	30
the <i>Devil</i> knew not what he did	31
Like those, that under hot ardent <i>zeal</i>	31
What do you think the <i>Hour</i>	31
Why then preferr'd you not your <i>Sums and Bills</i>	33
For tak't of my <i>Soul</i> , my <i>Lord</i> leans	33
Tell out my <i>Blood</i>	34
I'll once more <i>Feast</i> the <i>Rascals</i>	35
For pity is the <i>Virtue</i> of the <i>Law</i>	35
It pleases <i>Time</i> and <i>Fortune</i>	35
But with a <i>Noble Fury</i> , and <i>Fair Spirit</i>	35
Were a sufficient <i>Briber</i> for his life	37
And slain in <i>Fight</i> many of your <i>enemies</i>	37
How full of <i>Valour</i> did he bear <i>himself</i>	37
In the last <i>Conflict</i> , and made plenteous <i>Wounds</i>	37
Hard <i>Fate</i> : he might have died in <i>War</i>	37
My <i>Lords</i> , if not for any <i>Parts</i> in him	37
your <i>Reverend Ages</i> love <i>Security</i>	37
let the <i>War</i> receive't in valiant <i>Gore</i>	37
My <i>Wounds</i> ache at you	38
Banish your <i>dotage</i> , banish <i>Usury</i> ,	38
Only in <i>Bone</i> , that none may look on you	38
It is a <i>Cause</i> worthy my <i>Spleen</i> and <i>Fury</i>	38
Enter divers <i>Friends</i> at several <i>Doors</i>	38
Gentlemen, our <i>Dinner</i> will not recompence	39
Ah my good <i>Friend</i> , what <i>Cheer</i> ?	39
Doubt not that, if <i>Money</i> and the <i>Season</i> can yeild it	40
How do you? What's the <i>News</i> ?	40
Here's a <i>Noble Feast</i> toward	40

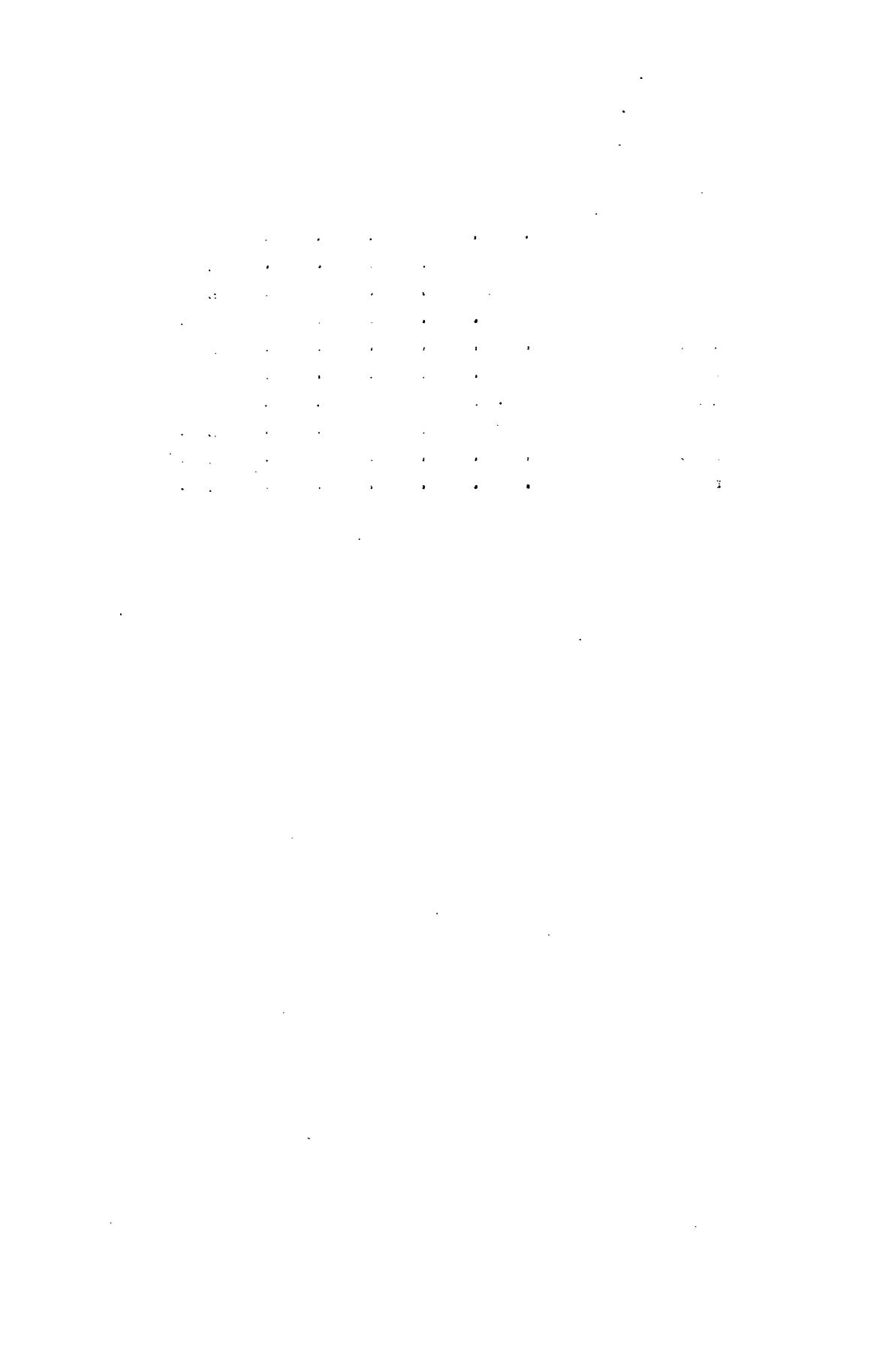
	Page
<i>This is the Old man still</i>	40
<i>Each man to his Stool with that Spur</i>	,, 40
<i>would to the Lip of his Mistress</i>	,, 40
<i>your Diet shall be in all places alike</i>	,, 40
<i>to let the Meat cool</i>	,, 40
<i>be without a Score of Villains</i>	,, 40
<i>let a Dozen of them be as they are</i>	,, 40
<i>You Knot of Mouth-Friends</i>	,, 41
<i>Smoke, and lukewarm Water</i>	,, 41
<i>Cap and knee-Slaves, Vapours</i>	,, 41
<i>Stay I will lend thee Money</i>	,, 41
<i>now he has beat it out of my Hat</i>	,, 41
<i>I feel't upon my Bones</i>	,, 42
<i>One day he gives us Diamonds, next day Stones</i>	,, 42
<i>dive in the Earth</i>	,, 42
<i>And Pill by Law. Maid, to thy Masters Bed</i>	,, 42
<i>Cripple our Senators, that their Limbs may halt</i>	,, 42
<i>Creep in the Minds and Marrows of our Youth</i>	,, 42
<i>That 'gainst the Stream of Virtue</i>	,, 42
<i>Sow all th'Athenian bosoms, and their Crop</i>	,, 42
<i>Be merely Poison</i>	,, 42
<i>But Nakedness</i>	,, 43
<i>To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low</i>	,, 43
<i>Let me be Recorded by the righteous Gods</i>	,, 43
<i>One Friend to take his Fortune by the Arm</i>	,, 43
<i>As we do turn our Backs</i>	,, 43
<i>From our Companion, thrown into his Grave</i>	,, 43
<i>Slink all away, leave their false Vows with him</i>	,, 43
<i>Like empty Purses pick't</i>	,, 43
<i>With his Disease, of all shunn'd poverty</i>	,, 43
<i>All broken Implements of a ruin'd House</i>	,, 43
<i>To have his Pomp</i>	,, 44
<i>Enter Timon in the Woods</i>	,, 44

	Page
O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the <i>Earth</i>	44
(To whom all sores lay <i>Siege</i>)	,, 45
By direct <i>Villainy</i>	,, 45
Base, Noble; Old, Young; Coward, <i>Valiant</i>	,, 54
Pluck stout mens <i>Pillows</i> from below their <i>Heads</i>	,, 45
She, whom the Spital- <i>House</i> and ulcerous <i>Sores</i>	,, 45
Thou common <i>Whore</i> of Mankind	,, 46
When Gouty <i>Keepers</i> of thee cannot stand	,, 46
For shewing me again the <i>Eyes</i> of Man	,, 46
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a <i>Dog</i>	,, 46
Then what should War be	,, 46
This fell <i>Whore</i> of thine	,, 46
Thy <i>Lips</i> rot off	,, 46
To thine own <i>Lips</i> again	,, 46
Noble Timon, what <i>Friendship</i> may I do thee?	,, 46
Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the <i>World</i>	,, 47
Be a <i>Whore</i> still	,, 47
give them <i>Diseases</i>	,, 47
season the <i>Slaves</i> for <i>Tubs</i>	,, 47
Pardon him sweet Timandra, for his <i>Wits</i>	,, 47
How Cursed Athens	,, 47
let not thy <i>Sword</i> skip one	,, 48
for those Milk <i>Paps</i>	,, 48
the <i>Window Barne</i> bore at mens <i>Eyes</i>	,, 48
Put Armour on thine <i>Ears</i> and on thine <i>Eyes</i>	,, 48
Heavens <i>Curse</i> upon thee	,, 48
Your Aprons <i>Mountant</i>	,, 48
and to <i>Heavenly Agues</i>	,, 48
be <i>Whores</i> still	,, 48
And be no <i>Turn-Coats</i>	,, 49
Paint till a <i>Horse</i> may mire	,, 49
A <i>Pox</i> of wrinkles	,, 49
Crack the <i>Lawyers</i> <i>Voice</i>	,, 49

	Page
And <i>Ditches</i> grave you all	49
More <i>Whore</i> , more <i>Mischief</i> first	49
Whose <i>Womb</i> unmeasurable	50
and <i>Eyeless</i> venom'd <i>Worm</i>	50
thy Fertile and conceptious <i>Womb</i>	50
More man? <i>Plague</i> , <i>Plague</i>	50
because thou dost not keep a <i>Dog</i>	50
hinge thy <i>Knee</i>	51
Thou gav'st thine <i>Ears</i>	51
that this brief <i>World</i> affords	52
The Sugar'd <i>Game</i> before thee	52
If thou wilt <i>Curse</i>	52
Must be thy <i>Subject</i>	52
To some <i>She-Beggar</i>	52
First mend thy <i>Company</i>	53
Thee thither in a <i>Whirlwind</i>	53
To sauce thy <i>Dishes</i>	53
What things in the <i>World</i>	54
What would'st thou do with the <i>World</i>	54
hazard thy life for thy <i>Dinner</i>	54
How has the <i>Ass</i> broke the <i>Wall</i>	55
Thou art too bad to <i>Curse</i>	55
Away thou issue of a mangy <i>Dog</i>	55
I am sick of this false <i>World</i>	55
Timon presently prepare thy <i>Grave</i>	56
Thy <i>Grave</i> stone daily	56
That <i>Death</i> in me	56
O thou sweet <i>King-Killer</i>	56
Twixt natural <i>Sun</i> and <i>Fire</i>	56
Hymens purest <i>Bed</i>	56
That lies on Dians <i>Lap</i>	56
Think thy slave-man <i>Rebels</i>	56
May have the <i>World</i> in <i>Empire</i>	56

	Page
Both too, and <i>Womens Sons</i>	57
The bounteous <i>Housewife Nature</i> , on each <i>Bush</i>	,, 57
I'll <i>Example</i> you with <i>Thievery</i>	,, 57
The <i>Moons</i> an <i>Arrant Thief</i>	,, 57
From gen'ral <i>Excrement</i>	,, 58
<i>Each</i> things a <i>Thief</i>	,, 58
there's more <i>Gold</i> , <i>Cut Throats</i>	,, 58
Break open <i>Shops</i>	,, 58
What vilder thing upon the <i>Earth</i>	,, 58
Has caught me in his <i>Eye</i>	,, 58
than mine <i>Eyes</i> for you	,, 59
Because thou art a <i>Woman</i>	,, 59
Flinty <i>Mankind</i> : whose <i>Eyes</i>	,, 59
Was born of <i>Woman</i>	,, 59
Hate all, <i>Curse</i> all	,, 60
Give to <i>Dogs</i>	,, 60
be men like blasted <i>Woods</i>	,, 60
It opens the <i>Eyes</i> of <i>Expectation</i>	,, 61
and drink cold <i>Water</i>	,, 63
Rid me these <i>Villains</i> from your <i>Companies</i>	,, 64
you came for <i>Gold</i> ye <i>Slaves</i>	,, 64
Out Rascal <i>Dogs</i>	,, 64
Play the <i>Re-canter</i>	,, 66
write in thee the <i>Figures</i> of their <i>Love</i>	,, 66
Lend me a <i>Fools</i> heart and a <i>Womans Eyes</i>	,, 66
His <i>Countrys Peace</i>	,, 66
Against the <i>Walls</i> of <i>Athens</i>	,, 66
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd <i>War</i>	,, 66
It will be seen to-Morrow	,, 67
These words become your <i>Lips</i>	,, 67
And enter in our <i>Ears</i>	,, 67
In their applauding <i>Gates</i>	,, 67
In lifes uncertain <i>Voyage</i>	,, 67

	Page
his <i>Everlasting Mansion</i>	68
And let my <i>Grave-stone</i> be your Oracle	, 68
The Senators appear upon the <i>Walls</i>	, 69
The common stroke of <i>War</i>	, 70
These <i>Walls</i> of ours	, 70
Against our rampir'd <i>Gates</i>	, 71
With <i>Wax</i> I brought away	, 71
Interprets for my poor <i>Ignorance</i>	, 71
Make <i>War</i> breed <i>Peace</i>	, 72
make peace stint <i>War</i>	, 72



TIMON OF ATHENS.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

<i>Tymon of Athens.</i>	<i>Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants.</i>
<i>Lucius, And</i>	<i>Servilius, another.</i>
<i>Iucullus, two Flattering Lords.</i>	<i>Caphis.</i>
<i>Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.</i>	<i>Varro.</i>
<i>Sempronius another flattering Lord.</i>	<i>Philo.</i>
<i>Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain.</i>	<i>Titus.</i>
<i>Poet.</i>	<i>Lucius.</i>
<i>Painter.</i>	<i>Hortensis</i>
<i>Jeweller.</i>	<i>Ventigius, one of Tymons false Friends.</i>
<i>Merchant.</i>	<i>Cupid.</i>
<i>Certain Senators.</i>	<i>Sempronius.</i>
<i>Certain Maskers.</i>	<i>With divers other Servants,</i>
<i>Certain Thieves.</i>	<i>And Attendants.</i>



THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at several doors.

Poet. Good day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It wears sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay that's well known:

But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: see
Magic of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an untireable and continuatue goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a Jewel here.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, sir?

Jewel. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vild,
It stains the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

Jewel. And rich: here is a Water look ye.

Pain. You are rapt sir, in some work, some Dedication to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our Poesy is as a Gowne, which uses
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th' Flint
Shews not, till it be strook: our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and like the current flies
Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Pain. A Picture sir: when comes your Book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Piece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing: what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? How big imagination
Moves in this Lip, to th'dumbness of the gesture,
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificial strife
Lives in these touthes, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Look mo.

Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I have in this rough work, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide Sea of wax, no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

Leaving no Tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself; even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timons* nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
The Base o'th'Mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of Natures
That labour on the bosom of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among'st them all,
Whose eyes are on this Sovereign Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present slaves and servants
Translates his Rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill methinks
With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount
To climb his happiness, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his Fellows but of late,
Some better than his value; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain Sacrificial whisperings in his ear,

Make Sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free Air.

Pain. Ay marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountains top,
Even on their knees and hand, let him sit down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortunes,
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Lord Timon*, addressing himself
courteously to every *Sutor*.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mes. Ay my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His means most short, his Creditors most strait:
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius* well:
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must need me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your Lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Command me to him, I will send his ransom,
And being enfranchised bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the Feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mes. All happiness to your Honour.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou hast a Servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? *Lucilius*.

Luc. Here at your Lordships service.

Oldm. This Fellow here, L. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an Heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One only Daughter have I, no Kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, a'th'youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee (Noble Lord)
Join with me to forbid him her resort,
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Oldm. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid?

Luc. Ay my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the Beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath serv'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship, never may
That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Exit.

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?

Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the Natural man:
For since Dishonour Traffics with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: These Pencil'd Figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it; Wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve ye.
Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: give me your hand.
We must needs dine together: sir your Jewel
Hath suffered under praise.

Jewel. What my Lord, dispraise?
Tim. A mere satiety of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value differing in the Owners,

Are prized by their Masters. Believ't dear Lord,
You mend the Jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apemantus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speaks the common toong
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look who comes here, will you be chid?

Jewel. We'll bear with your Lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good Morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apemantus*.

Ape. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good Morrow.
When thou art *Timon's* dog, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves, thou know'st them
not.

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?

Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knock out an honest Athenians brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou't die for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture *Apemantus*?

Ape. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's
but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a Dog.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I be
a Dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

Ape. No: I eat not Lords.

Tim. And thou should'st, thoud'st anger Ladies.

Ape. O they eat Lords;

So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Ape. So, thou apprehend'st it,
Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this Jewel, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cast a
man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philosopher?

Ape. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou liest:

Look in thy last work, where thou hast fegin'd him a worthy
Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy
labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer.
Heavens, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldest do then *Apemantus*?

Ape. E'en as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my
heart.

Tim. What thyself?

Ape. Ay.

Tim. Wherfore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. Ay *Apemantus*.

Ape. Traffic confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Traffic do it, the Gods do it.

Ape. Traffics thy God, and thy God confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty Horse
All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us.
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thankt you: when dinners done
Shew me this piece, I am joyful of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir.

Ape. So, so; their Aches contract, and starve your supple
joints: that there should be small love amongst these sweet
Knaves, and all this Courtesy. The strain of mans bred out
into Baboon and Monkey.

Alc. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir:
Ere we depatt, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures.
Pray you let us in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord* What time a day is't *Apemantus*?

Ape. Time to be honest.

1 That time serves still.

Ape. The most accursed thou that still omitst it.

2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feast.

Ape. Ay, to see meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat fools.

2 Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a Fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 Why *Apemantus*?

Ape. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give
thee none.

1 Hang thyself.

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2 Away unpeaceable Dog,
 Or I'll spurn thee hence.
Ape. I will fly like a dog, the heels a'th' Ass.
 1 He's opposite to humanity.
 Comes shall we in,
 And taste Lord *Timons* bounty: he out-goes
 The very heart of kindness.

2 He pours it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold
 Is but his Steward: no meed but he repays
 Seven-fold above itself: No gift to him,
 But breeds the giver a return: exceeding
 All use of quittance.

1 The Noblest mind he carries,
 That ever govern'd man.

2 Long may he live in Fortunes. Shall we in?
 I'll keep you Company.

Exeunt.

Hauiboys Playing loud Music.

A great Banquet serv'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from prison. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus discontentedly like himself.

Ventig. Most honoured *Timon*,
 It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
 And call him to long peace:
 He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
 Then, as in grateful Virtue I am bound
 To your free heart, I do return those Talents
 Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
 I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O by no means,
 Honest *Ventigius*: You mistake my love,
 I gave it freely ever, and there's none
 Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
 To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.

Vint. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Than my Fortunes to me.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, we always have confess it.

Aper. Ho ho, confess it? Handg'd it? Have you not?

Timo. O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.

Aper. No: You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fy, th'art a churl, ye'have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:

They say my Lords, *Ira furor brevis est*,

But yond man is very angry.

Go, let him have a Table by himself:

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Aper. Let me stay at thine apperil *Timon*,
I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*, therefore
welcome: I myself would have no power, prithee let my meat
make thee silent.

Aper. I scorn thy meat, 'twould choke me: for I should
ne'er flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number of men eats
Timon, and he sees 'em not? It grieves me to see so many dip
their meat in one man's blood, and all the madness is, he
cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.

Methinks they should invite them without knives,

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him, now
parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided
draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas been proved,
if I were a huge man I should fear to drink at meals, lest they
should spy my wind-pipes dangerous notes, great men should
drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way? A brave fellow. He keeps his tides well, those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, *Timon.* Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, Honest water, which ne'er left man i'th'mire: This and my food are equals, there's no odds, Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apermantus Grace.

*Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but myself,
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dog that seems asleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends if I should need 'em.*

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*

Tim. Captain,

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alci. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of Enemies, than a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a Feast.

Aper. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou might'st kill 'em: and bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness my Lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my Friends else. Why have you that charitable title from thousands? Did not you chiefly belong

to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you Gods (think I,) what need we have any Friends; if we should ne'er have need of 'em? They were the most needless Creatures living; should we ne'er have use for 'em? And would most resemble sweet Instruments hung up in Cases, that keeps their sounds to themselves. Why I have often wisht myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our Friends? Oh what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh joys, e'en made away er't can be born: mine eyes cannot hold out water methinks, to forget their Faults. I drink to you.

Aper. Thou weep'st to make them drink, *Timon*.

2. *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Aper. Ho, ho: I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3. *Lord.* I promise you my Lord you mov'd me much.

Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with Lutes in
their hands, dancing and playing.

Tim. What means that Trump? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certain Ladies
Most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord, which
bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Mask of Ladies.

Cup. Hail to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his
Bounties taste: the five best Senses acknowledge thee their
Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom.

There taste, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:
They only now come but to Feast thine eyes.

Tim. They'r wecome all, let 'em have kind admittance.
Music make their welcome.

Luc. You see my Lord, how ample y'are belov'd.

Aper. Hoyday,

What a sweep of vanity comes this way.

They dance? They are mad women,
Like Madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves Fools, to disport ourselves,
And spend our Flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose Age we void it up again
With poisonous Spite and Envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves;
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their Friends gift:
I should fear, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: 'Tas been done,
Men shut their doors against a setting Sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to shew their loves, each single out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures
Much grace (fair Ladies)
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful, and kind:
You have added worth unto't, and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for't.

1 *Lord.* My Lord you take us even at the best.

Aper. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not ho~~—~~
taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dispose your selves.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tim. *Flavius.*

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?

There is no crossing him in's humor,

Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;

When all's spent, he'd be crost then, and he could:

'Tis pity Bounty had not eyes behind,

That man might ne're be wretched for his mind.

Exit.

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Here my Lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our Horses.

Tim. O my Friends:

I have one word to say to you: Look you, my good L.

I must intreat you honour me so much,

As to advance this Jewel, accept it, and wear it,

Kind my Lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flavius.

Fla. I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word, it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee. I pryythee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it please your Honour, Lord *Lucius* (Out of his free love) hath presented to you Four Milk-white Horses, trapt in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What news?

3. *Ser.* Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman
Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to morrow, to hunt with
him, and has sent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him,
And let them be receiv'd, not without fair Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out
of an empty Coffer:

Nor will he know his Purse, or yield me this,
To shew him what a Beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he ows for ev'ry word:
He is so kind, that he now pays interest for't;
His Land's put to their Books. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do e'en Enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong,
You bate too much of your own merits.
Here my Lord, a trifle of our Love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks
I will receive it.

3. *Lord.* O he's the very soul of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gave good words
the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on. 'Tis yours because
you lik'd it.

1. *L.* Oh, I beseech you pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man
can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh my Friends
affection with mine own: I'll tell you true, I'll call to you.

All Lor. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a Soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in Charity to thee: for all thy living
Is mong'st the dead: and all the Lands thou hast
Lie in a pitcht field.

Alc. Ay, defil'd Land, my Lord.

1. *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2. *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights; more Lights.

1 *Lord.* The best of Happiness, Honor, and Fortunes
Keep with you Lord *Timon.*

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords

Aper. What a coil's here, serving of becks, and jutting out
of bums. I doubt whether their Legs be worth the sums that
are given for 'em.

Friendships full of dregs,

Methinks false hearts, should never have sound legs.

Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth on Court'sies.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not sullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there
would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldest
sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long *Timon* (I fear me) thou wilt
give away thyself in paper shortly. What needs these Feasts,
pomps, and Vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, and you begin to rail on Society once, I am
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come with
better Music.

Exit.

Aper. So: Thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then.
I'll lock thy heaven from thee:
Oh that mens ears should be
To Counsel deaf, but not to Flattery.

Exit.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: to *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steal but a beggars Dog,
And give it *Timon*, why the Dog coins Gold.
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty mo
Better than he; why give my Horse to *Timon*.
Ask nothing, give it him, it Foals me straight
And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis* hoa,
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Here sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord *Timon*,
Importune him for my Monies, be not ceast
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Uses cry to me; I must serve my turn
Out of mine own, his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love, and honour him,
But must not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand: for I do fear
When every Feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a Phœnix, get you gone.

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. Ay go sir?
 Take the Bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go.

Exeunt.

Enter Steward, with many bills in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senseless of expense,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
 How things go from him, nor resume no care
 Of what is to continue: never mind,
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done, he will not hear, till feel:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting,
 Fy, fy, fy, fy.

Enter Caphis, Isidore and Varro.

Cap. Good even *Varro*: what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Isidore*?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.

Ver. I fear it,

Cap. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Train.

Tim. So soon as dinners done, we'll forth again
 My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens here, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
 To the succession of new days this month:
 My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,
 To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,

That with your other Noble parts, you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,
I prithee but repair to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Contain thyself, good Friend.

Var. One *Varroes* servant, my good Lord.

Isid. From *Isidore*, he humbly prays your speedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, six weeks, and past.

Isi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:

I do beseech you good my Lords keep on,
I'll wait upon you instantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountered
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long since due debts
Against my Honor?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so my Friends, see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw near.

Exit.

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*, let's
ha some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him dog.

Var. How dost Fool?

Ape. Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thyself. Come away.

Isi. There's the Fool hangs on your back already.

Ape. No thou stand'st single, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Fool now?

Ape. He last ask'd the question. Poor Rogues, and Usurers men, Bawds between Gold and want.

All. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Asses.

All. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em Fool.

Fool. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Fool:

How does your Mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scal'd such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Captain? what do you in this wise Company.

How dost thou *Apemantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Boy. Prithee *Apemantus* read me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will little Learning die then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou was't born a Bastard, and thou'rt die a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelpt a Dog, and thou shalt famish a Dogs death.

Answer not, I am gone.

Exit.

Ape. E'en so thou out-run'st Grace,
Fool I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If *Timon* stay at home.

You three serve three Usurers?

All. Ay would they serv'd us.

Ape. So would I:

As good a trick as ever Hangman serv'd Thief.

Fool. Are you three Usurers men?

All. Ay Fool.

Fool. I think no Usurer, but ha's a Fool to his Servant. My Mistress is one, and I am her Fool: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Fool?

Fool. A Fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime t'appears like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones mo than's artificial one. He is very often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Fool:

Fool. Nor thou altogether a Wise man,

As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, here comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Fool) come.

Fool. I do not always follow Lover, elder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walk near,
I'll speak with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim. You make me marvel wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense

As I had leave of means.

Stew. You would not hear me:
At many leisures I propose.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back,
And that unaptness made your minister
Thus to excuse yourself.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you sound them in mine honesty,
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept:
Yea 'gainst the Authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now (too late) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having, lacks a half,
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falsehood,
Call me before th'exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,
When all our Offices have been opprest

With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of Wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and bray'd with Minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee no more.

Stew. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigal bits have Slaves and Peasants
This night engluttred: who is not *Timons*,
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is L. *Timons*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royal *Timon*:
Ah, when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showers,
These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.
No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly have I given.
Why dost thou weep, canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends: secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Ste. Assurance bless your thoughts.

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings. For by these
Shall I try Friends. You shall perceive
How you mistake my Fortunes:
I am wealthy in my Friends.
Within there, *Flavius*, *Servilius*?

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will despatch you severally.

You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted him with
his Honour to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their

Loves; and I am proud say, that my occasions have found time
 to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty
Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Tim. Go you sir to the Senators;

Of whom, even to the States best health; I have
 Deserv'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th'instant
 A thousand Talents to me.

Ste, I have been bold

(For that I knew it the most general way)
 To them, to use your Signet, and your Name,
 But they do shake their heads, and I am here
 No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
 That now they are at fall, want Treature cannot
 Do what they would, are sorry: you are Honourable,
 But yet they could have wisht, they know not,
 Something hath been amiss; a Noble Nature
 May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity,
 And so intending other serious matters,
 After distasteful looks; and these hard Fractions
 With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,
 They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:

Prithee man look cheerly. These old Fellows
 Have their ingratitudo in them Hereditary:
 Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
 And Nature, as it grows again toward earth,
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
 Go to *Ventidius* (prithee be not sad,
 Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventidius* lately
 Buried his Father, by whose death he's stepp'd
 Into a great estate: When he was poor,

Imprison'd, and in scarcity of Friends,
 I clear'd him with five Talents: Greet him from me,
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity
 Touches his Friend, which craves to be remember'd
 With those five Talents; that had, give't these Fellows
 To whom 'tis instant due. Nev'r speak, or think,
 That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can sink.

Stew. I would I could not think it:
 That thought is Bounty's Foe;
 Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

Exeunt.

Flaminus waiting to speak with a Lord from his Master, ent
 a servant to him.

Ser. I have told my Lord of you, he is comming down to
 you.

Flam. I thank you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Gift I warrant. WI ~~W~~hy
 this hits right: I dreamt of a Silver Bason and Ewer to nig~~g~~
Flaminus, honest *Flaminus*, you are very respectively we~~w~~l-
 come sir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourabl~~d~~oble
 Complete, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very boun~~f~~anti
 ful good Lord and Master?

Flam. His health is well sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well sir: and wh~~o~~ ha~~st~~
 hast thou there under thy Cloak, pretty *Flaminus*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in m~~any~~ my
 Lords behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to supply: wh~~o~~ who
 having great and instant occasion to use fifty Talents, ha~~t~~
 sent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting you~~ur~~ present
 assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting says he? Alas go~~o~~od
 Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a
 house. Many a time and often I ha~~d~~ din'd with him, and to~~old~~
 him on't, and come again to supper to him of purpose, to ha~~ve~~

Him spend less, and yet he wold embrace no counsel, take no warning by my comming, every man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, here is the Wine.

Luc. *Flaminius*, I have noted thee always wise.

Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Luc. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time wel, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sirrah. Draw nearer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountiful Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly damned baseness
To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Fool, and fit for thy Master. *Exit L.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee:
Let molten Coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself:
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you Gods!
I feel my Masters passion. This Slave unto his Honour,
Has my Lords meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O may Diseases only work upon't:
And when he's sick to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. *Exit.*

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no less, thogh we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Lucius. Fy no, do not believe it: he cannot want for money.

2 But believe you this my Lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay urg'd extremely for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was denied.

Luci. How?

2. I tell you, denied my Lord.

Luci. What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods I am ashame'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was very little Honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Servilius.

Servil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have swet to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Lucil. *Servilius?* You are kindly met sir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquisite Friend.

Servil. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent —

Luci. Ha? what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that Lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Servil. Has only sent his present Occasion now my Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his instant use with so many Talents.

Lucil. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Servil. But in the meantime he wants less my Lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously *Servilius?*

Servil. Upon my soul 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha shewn myself Honourable? How unluckily it happen'd, that I shold Purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of Honour? *Servilius*, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beast I say) I was sending to use Lord *Timon* myself, these Gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Servil.

Lucil. I'll look you out a good turn *Servilius*.
 True as you said, *Timon* is shrunk indeed,
 And he that's once denied, will hardly speed.

Exit.

1 Do you observe this *Hostilius*?
 2 Ay, too well.
 1 Why this is the worlds soul,
 And just of the same piece
 Is every Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend
 That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
Timon has been this Lords Father,
 And kept his credit with his purse:
 Supported his estate, nay *Timons* money
 Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
 But *Timons* Silver treads upon his Lip,
 And yet, oh see the monstrousness of man,
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape;
 He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggars.

3 Religion groans at it.

1 For mine own part, I never tasted *Timon* in my life
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,
 To mark me for his Friend. Yet I protest,
 For his right Noble mind, illustrious Virtue,
 And Honourable Carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into Donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart: But I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
 For Policy sits above Conscience.

Exeunt.

Enter a third servant with Sempronius, another of Timon's Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
 'Bove all others?
 He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
 And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these
 Owes their estates unto him.

Ser. My Lord,
 They have all been touch'd, and found Base-Metal,
 For they have all denied him.

Semp. How? Have they denied him?
 Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* denied him,
 And does he send to me? Three? Hum?
 It shews but little love, or judgment in him.
 Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physicians)
 Thrive, give him over: Must I take th'Cure upon me?
 Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'm angry at him,
 That might have known my place. I see no sense for't,
 But his Occasions might have wooed me first:
 For in my conscience, I was the first man
 That ere received gift from him.
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,

That I'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an Argument of Laughter
To th'rest, and 'mong'st Lords be thought a Fool:
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my minds sake:
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply, this answer join;
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coin. *Exit.*

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the devil knew not what he did, when he made man Politic; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but in the end, the Villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this Lord strives to appear foul? Takes Virtuous Copies to be wicked: like those, that under hot ardent zeal, would set whole Realms on fire, of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled
Save only the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their Master:
And this is all a liberal course allows,
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house. *Exit.*

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timon's Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

Var. man. Well met, good morrow *Titus* and *Hortensius*.

Tit. The like to you kind *Varro*.

Hort. *Lucius*, what do we meet together?

Luci. Ay, and I think one business does command us all.
For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And sir *Philotus* too.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord seen yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he' was wont to shine at seven.

Luci. Ay, but the days are waxt shorter with him:

You must consider, that a Prodigal course

Is like the Suns, but not like his recoverable, I fear:

'Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timons* purse, that is: One may
reach deep enough, and yet find little.

Phil. I am of your fear, for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how t'observe a strange event:

Your Lord sends now for Money?

Hort. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears Jewels now of *Timons* gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hort. It is against my heart.

Luci. Mark how strange it shews,

Timon in this, should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your Lord should wear rich Jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hort. I'm weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witness:
I know my Lord hath spent of *Timons* wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worse than stealth.

Varro. Yes, mine's three thousand Crowns:
What's yours?

Luci. Five thousand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deep, and it should seem by th'sum
Your Masters confidence was above mine,
Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flamininius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.

Luc. *Flamininius?* Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord ready to
come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloak, muffled

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a Cloud: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

2. *Varro.* By your leave, sir.

Stew. What do ye ask of me, my Friend.

Tit. We wait for certain Money here, sir.

Stew. Ay, if Money were as certain as your waiting,
Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and Bills
When your false Masters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th'Int'rest into their glutt'nois Maws.

You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up,

Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my Lord and I have made an end,

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Stew. If't 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you,

For you serve Knaves.

1. *Varro.* How? What does his cashier'd Worship mutter?

2. *Varro.* No matter what, he's poor, and that's revenge
enough. Who can speak broader, than he that has no house
to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh here's *Servilius*: now we shall know some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't. For tak't of my soul, my Lord leans wondrously to discontent: His comfortable temper has forsook him, he's much out of health, and keeps his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keep their Chambers, are not sick:

And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the Gods.

Servil. Good Gods.

Titus. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flaminius within. *Servilius* help, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive Enemy? My Gaol?
The place which I have Feasted, does it now
(Like all Mankind) shew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, here is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1. *Var.* And mine, my Lord.

2. *Var.* And ours, my Lord.

Philo. All our Bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em, cleave me to the ~~one~~
Girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand Crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours? and yours?

1. *Var.* My Lord.

2. *Var.* My Lord.

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the Gods fall upon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceive our Masters may throw their caps at
their money, these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for
a madman owes 'em.

Exeunt.

Enter Timon.

Timon. They have e'en put my breath from me the slaves.
Creditors? Devils.

Stew. My dear Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. I'll have it so. My Steward?

Stew. Here my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Ullorxa: All,
I'll once more feast the Rascals.

Stew. O my Lord, you only speak from your distracted soul;
there's not so much left to, furnish out a moderate Table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaves once more: my Cook and I'll provide. *Exeunt.*

*Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them,
with Attendants.*

1. *Sen.* My Lord, you have my voice, to't,
The faults Bloody:
'Tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much, as Mercy.

2 Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the Senate.

1 Now Captain.

Alc. I am an humble Suitor to your Virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lie heavy
Upon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heed) do plunge into't.
He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Virtues,
Nor did he soil the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buys out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behove his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an Argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into form, and set Quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour; which indeed
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly born.
He's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-sides,
To wear them like his Raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alci. My Lord.

1. Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear,
To revenge is no Valour, but to bear.

Alci. My Lords, then under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a Captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to Battle,
And not endure all threats? Sleep upon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Ass, more Captain than the Lion?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser than the Judge?
If Wisdom be in suffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully Good,
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sins extremest Gust,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in Anger, is impiety:
But who is Man, that is not Angry.
Weigh but the Crime with this.

2. *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alci. In vain?

His service done at Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 What's that?

Alc. Why say my Lords ha's done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 He has made too much plenty with him:

He's a sworn Rioter, he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that Beastly fury,
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 He dies.

Alci. Hard fate: he might have died in war.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know, your reverend Ages love Security,
I'll pawn my Victories, all my Honour to you
Upon his good returns.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the War receive't in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and War is nothing more.

1 We are for Law, he dies, urge it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not be:
My Lords, I do beseech you know me.

2 How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 What.

Alc. I cannot think but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue and be denied such common Grace.
My wounds ache at you.

1 Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me?
Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the Senate ugly.

1 If after two days shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier Judgment.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

Exeunt.

Alc. Now the Gods keep you old enough,
That you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you.
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their Foes
While they have told their Money, and let out
Their Coin upon large interest. I myself,
Rich only in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsam, that the usuring Senate
Pours into Captains wounds? Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my Spleen and Fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented Troops, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at odds,
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as Gods.

Exit.

Enter divers Friends at several doors.

1 The good time of day to you, sir.

2 I also wish it to you: I think this Honourable Lord did
not try us this other day.

1 Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountred.
hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the
ival of his several Friends.

2 It should not be, by the persuasion of his new Feasting.

1 I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting,
hich many my near occasions did urge me to put off: but he
ath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business,
ut he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent
o borrow of me, that my Provision was out.

1 I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things
so.

2 Every man hears so: what would he have borrowed of
you?

1 A thousand Pieces.

2 A thousand Pieces?

1 What of you?

2 He sent to me sir —— Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 The Swallow follows not Summer more willing, than we
your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer Birds
are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long
stay: Feast your ears with the Music awhile: If they will fare
o harshly o'th'Trumpets sound: we shall to't presently.

1 I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that
returned you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheer?

The Banquet brought in.

2 My most Honourable Lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that

when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 If you had sent but two hours before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come bring in all together.

2 All cover'd Dishes.

1 Royal Cheer, I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it

1 How do you? What's the news?

3 *Alcibiades* is banish'd: hear you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* banish'd?

3 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 How? How?

2 I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw near?

3 I'll tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward

2 This is the old man still.

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It does: but time will, and so.

3 I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his Mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a City Feast of it, to let the meat cool, ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our Thanks.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: But reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the Meat be beloved, more than the Man that gives it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villains. If there sit twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common leg of People, what is amiss in them, you Gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present Friends, as they are to me

~~nothing, so in nothing~~ bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

~~Uncover Dogs, and lap.~~

Some speak. What does his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feast never behold

~~You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, and lukewarm water~~

~~Is your perfection. This is *Timons* last,~~

~~Who stuck and spangled you with Flatteries,~~

~~Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces~~

~~Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long~~

~~Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,~~

~~Courteous Destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears:~~

~~You Fools of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flies,~~

~~Cap and knee-Slaves, vapours, and Minute Jacks.~~

Of Man and Beast, the infinite Malady

Crust you quite o'er. What do'st thou go?

Soft, take thy Physic first; thou too, and thou:

Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,

Whereat a Villain's not a welcome Guest.

Burn house, sink Athens, henceforth hated be

Of *Timon* Man, and all Humanity.

Exit.

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2 Know you rhe quality of Lord *Timons* fury?

3 Push, did you see my Cap?

4 I have lost my Gown.

1 He's but a mad Lord, and nought but humours sways him.
He gave me a Jewel th'other day, and now he has beat it out
of my hat.

Did you see my Jewel?

2 Did you see my Cap?

3 Here 'tis.

4 Here lies my Gown.

1 Let's make no stay.

2 Lord *Timons* mad.

3 I feel't upon my bones.

4 One day he gives us Diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in those Wolves, dive in the earth.
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turn incontinent,
Obedience fail in Children: Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steads, to general Filths.
Convert o'th'Instant green Virginity,
Do't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather than render back; out with your Knives,
And cut your Trusters throats. Bound Servants, steal,
Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maid, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistress is o'th'Brothel. Some of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beat out his Brains. Piety, and Fear,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
Domestic awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Observances, Customs, and Laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion live: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Fevers, heap
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Liberty
Creep in the Minds and Marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of Virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in Riot. Itches, Blains,
Sow all th'Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general Leprosy: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be merely poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee

But nakedness, thou detestable Town,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bans:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
Th'unkindest Beast, more kinder than Mankind.
The Gods confound (hear me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And grant as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankind, high and low.
Amen.

Exit.

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1 Hear you M. Steward, where's our Master?
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack my Fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 Such a House broke?
So Noble a Master fall'n, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arm,
And go along with him.
2 As we do turn our backs
From our Companion, thrown into his grave,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him
Like empty purses pickt; and his poor self
A dedicated Beggar to the Air,
With his disease, of all shun'd poverty,
Walks like contempt alone. More of our Fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Yet do our hearts wear *Timon's* Livery,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Bark,
And we poor Mates, stand on the dying Deck,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Air.

Stew. Good Fellows all,
 The latest of my wealth I'll share among'st you.
 Wherever we shall meet, for *Timons* sake,
 Let's yet be Fellows. Let's shake our heads, and say
 As 'twere a Knell unto our Masters Fortunes,
 We have seen better days. Let each take some:
 Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

Embrace and part several wa~~ys~~—

Oh the fierce wretchedness that Glory brings us!
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
 Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to live
 But in a Dream of Friendship,
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
 But only painted like his varnisht Friends:
 Poor honest Lord, brought low by his own heart,
 Undone by Goodness: Strange unusual blood,
 When mans worst sin is, He does too much Good.
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For Bounty that makes Gods, do still mar Men.
 My dearest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
 Rich only to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
 Are made thy chief Afflictions. Alas (kind Lord)
 He's flung in Rage from this ingrateful Seat
 Of monstrous Friends:
 Nor has he with him to supply his life,
 Or that which can command it:
 I'll follow and enquire him out.
 I'll ever serve his mind, with my best will,
 Whilst I have Gold, I'll be his Steward still.

Exit.

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orb
 Infect the air. Twin'd Brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,

Scarce is dividant; touch them with several fortunes,
 he greater scorns the lesser. Not Nature
 to whom all sores lay siege) can bear great Fortune
 but by contempt of Nature.
 Raise me this Beggar, and deny't that Lord,
 The Senators shall bear contempt Hereditary,
 The Beggar Native Honour.
 It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
 The want that makes him leave: who dares? who dares
 In purity of Manhood stand upright
 And fay, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
 So are they all: for every grize of Fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
 Ducks to the Golden Fool. All's oblique:
 There's nothing level in our cursed Natures
 But direct villainy. Therefore be abhor'd,
 All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
 His semblable, yea himself *Timon* disdains,
 Destruction phang mankind; Earth yield me Roots,
 Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant Poison. What is here?
 Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
 No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
 Roots you clear Heavens. Thus much of this will make
 Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
 Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
 Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
 Will lug your Priests and Servants from your sides:
 Pluck stout mens pillows from below their heads.
 This yellow Slave,
 Will knit and break Religions, bless th'acurst,
 Make the hoar Leprosy ador'd, place Thieves,
 And give them Title, kuee, and approbation
 With Senators on the Bench: This is it
 That makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;
 She, whom the Spittle-house, and ulcerous sores,
 Would cast the gorge at. This Embalms and Spices

To th'April day again. Come damn'd Earth,
 Thou common whore of Mankind, that puts odds
 Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right Nature.

March afar off.

Ha? A Drum? Th'art quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee: Thou't go (strong Thief)
 When Gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:
 Nay stay thou out for earnest.

*Enter Alcibiades with Drum and Fife in warlike manner,
 and Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
 For shewing me again the eyes of Man.

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thyself a Man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:
 But in thy Fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee
 I not desire to know. Follow thy Drum,
 With man's blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
 Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel,
 Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine,
 Hath in her more destruction than thy Sword,
 For all her Cherubin look.

Phrin. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns
 To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moon does, by wanting light to give:
 But then renew I could not like the Moon,
 There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but perform none.

If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man.

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timan. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still, they love thee not that use thee, give them diseases, leaving with thee their Lust. Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves for Tubs and Baths, bring down Rose-cheekt youth to the Fubfast, and the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee Monster.

Alc. Pardon him sweet *Timandra*, for his wits Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

I have but little Gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth daily make revolt
In my penurious Band. I have heard and griev'd
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod upon them.

Tim. I prithee beat thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pity thee dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost troble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:
Here is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap.

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens.

Alc. Ay *Timon*, and have cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villains
 Thou was't born to conquer my Country.
 Put up thy Gold. Go on, here's Gold, go on;
 Be as a Planetary plague, when Jove
 Will o'er some high-Vic'd City, hang his poison
 In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
 Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
 He is an Usurer. Strike me the counterfeit Matron,
 It is her habit only, that is honest,
 Herself's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milk paps
 That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
 Are not within the Leaf of pity writ,
 But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
 Whose dimpled smiles from Fools exhaust their mercy;
 Think it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
 And mince it sans remorse. Swear against Objects,
 Put Armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,
 Whose proof, nor yells of Mothers, Maids, nor Babes,
 Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestinents bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's Gold to pay thy Soldiers,
 Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself. Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet, I'll take the Gold thou givest me,
 not all thy Counsel.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, Heavens curse upon thee.

Both. Give us some Gold good *Timon*, hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
 And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold up you Sluts
 Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
 Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly Agues
 Th'immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your Oaths:
 I'll trust to your Conditions, be whores still.
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in Whore, allure him, burn him up,
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains six months
Be quite contrary, And Thatch
Your poor thin Roofs with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Wear them, betray with them; Whore still,
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?
Believe't that we'll do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
And mar mens spurring. Crack the Lawyers voice,
That he may never more false Title plead,
Nor sound his Quillets shrilly: Hoar the Flamen,
That scold'st against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself. Down with the Nose,
Down with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee
Smells from the general weal. Make curld'pate Ruffians bald
And let the unscarr'd Braggarts of the War
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your Activity may defeat and quell
The source of all Erection. There's more Gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all.

Both. More counsel with more Money, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More whore, more Mischief first, I have given you
earnest.

Alc. Strike up the Drum towards Athens, farewell *Timon*:
if I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,

And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike.

Exeun

Tim. That Nature being sick of mans unkindness
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems and feeds all: whose selfsame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Child (arrogant man) is puff,
Engenders the black Toad, and Adder blue,
The gilded Newt, and eyeless venom'd Worm,
With all th'abhorred Births below Crisp Heaven,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth shine:
Yield him, who all the human Sons do hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root:
Ensear thy Fertile and Conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with Tigers, Dragons, Wolves, and Bears,
Teem with new Monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all above
Never presented. O, a Root, dear thanks:
Dry up thy Marrows, Vines, and Plough-torn Leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with Liquorish draughts
And Morsels Unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all Consideration slips —

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poor unmanly Melancholy sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slave-like Habit, and these looks of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet wear Silk, drink Wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd Perfumes, and have forgot

That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
 Be thou a Flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath whom thou'l observe
 Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
 "Thou gav'st thine ears (like Tapsters, that bade welcome)
 To Knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just
 That thou turn Rascal, had'st thou wealth again,
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Ape. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself
 A Madman so long, now a Fool: what think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous Chamberlain
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist Trees,
 That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy heels
 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook
 Candied with Ice, Caudle thy Morning taste
 To cure thy o'er-nights surfeit? Call the Creatures,
 Whose naked Natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful Heaven, whose bare unhoused Trunks,
 To the conflicting Elements expos'd
 Answer mere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
 O thou shalt find.

Tim. A Fool of thee: depart.

Ape. I love thee better now, than ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Ape. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Ape. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villains Office, or a Fools.

Dost please thyself in't?

Ape. Ay.

Gim. What, a Knave too?

Ape. If thou did'st put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be again
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
Out-lives: incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete:
The other, at high wish: best state Contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, Content.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arm
With favour never claspt: but bred a Dog.
Had'st thou like us from our first swath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command'st: thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general Riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and never learn'd
The Icy precepts of respect, but followed
The Sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my Confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the Oak, have with one Winters brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare,
For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poor rag)
Must be thy subject; who in spite put stuff
To some she-Beggar, and compounded thee
Poor Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou hadst been a Knave and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eat it.

Ape. Here, I will mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thyself.

Ape. So I shall mend mine own, by'th' lack of thine

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I have Gold, look, so I have.

Ape. Here is no use for Gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Ape. Where liest a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou a-days *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my stomach finds meat, or rather where I eat
it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind

Ape. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou never knewest, but the
extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy Gilt, and thy
Perfume, they mockt thee for too much Curiosity: in thy Rags
thou know'st none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's
a medler for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Dost hate a Medler?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, thou should'st have

loved thyself better now. What man did'st thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know belov'd?

Ape. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee: thou had'st some means to keep a Dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest, but men: men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Give it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a Beast with the Beasts.

Ape. Ay *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attain to. If thou wert the Lion, the Fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the Lamb, the Fox would eat thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Ass: If thou wert the Ass, thy dullness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a Breakfast to the Wolf. If thou wert the Wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and, oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a Bear, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse: wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert German to the Lion, and the spots of thy Kindred, were Jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What Beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'st please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Have hit upon it here.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become

A Forest of Beasts.

Tim. How has the Ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the City.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light upon thee:
I will fear to catch it, and give way.
When I know not what else to do,
I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggars Dog,
Than *Apemantus*.

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough
To spit upon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All Villains
That do stand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leprosy,
But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, I'll beat thee;
But I should infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangy dog,
Choler does kill me,
That thou art alive, I swoon to see thee.

Ape. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Ape. Beast.

Tim. Slave.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon't:
 Then *Timon* presently prepare thy grave:
 Lie where the light Foam of the Sea may beat
 Thy grave stone daily, make thine Epitaph,
 That death in me, at others lives may laugh.
 O thou sweet King-killer, and dear divorce
 Twixt natural Sun and fire: thou bright defiler
 of *Hymens* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
 Thou ever, young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated Snow
 That lies on Dians lap.
 Thou visible God,
 That soldrest close Impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kiss; that speak'st with every Tongue
 To every purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
 Think thy slave-man rebels, and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that Beasts
 May have the world in Empire.

Ape. Would 'twere so,
 But not till I am dead. I'll say th'hast Gold:
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Ape. Ay.

Tim. Thy back I prithee.

Ape. Live, and love thy misery.

Tim. Long live so, and so die. I am quit,

Ape. Mo things like men,

Eat *Timon*, and abhor then.

Exit Apeman.

Enter the Banditti.

1 Where should he have this Gold? It is some poor Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder: the mere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends, drove him into this Melancholy.

2 It is nois'd

He hath a mass of Treasure.

3 Let us make the assay upon him, if he care not for't, he

will supply us easily: if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 True: for he bears it not about him:
Tis hid.

1 Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He? I know him.

All. Save thee *Timon.*

Tim. Now Thieves.

All. Soldiers, not Thieves.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sons.

All. We are not Thieves, but men
That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Roots:
Within this Mile break forth a hundred Springs:
The Oaks bear Mast, the Briars Scarlet Hips,
The bounteous Housewife Nature, on each bush,
Lays her full Mess before you. Want? why Want?

1 We cannot live on Grass, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds and Fishes,
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are Thieves profest: that you work not
In holier shapes: For there is boundless Theft
In limited Professions. Rascal Thieves
Here's Gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'th'Grape,
Till the high Fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physician,
His Antidotes are poison, and he slays
Mo than you Rob: Take wealth, and lives together,
Do Villain do, since you protest to do't.
Like Workmen, I'll example you with Thievery:
The Suns a Thief, and with his great attraction
Rob the vast Sea. The Moons an arrant Thief,
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sun.

The Seas a Thief, whose liquid Surge, resolves
 The Moon into Salt tears. The Earth's a Thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln
 From gen'ral excrement: each thing's a Thief.
 The Laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Ha's uncheck'd Theft. Love not your selves, away,
 Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throats,
 All that you meet are Thieves: to Athens go,
 Break open shops, nothing can you steal
 But Thieves do lose it: steal less, for this I give you,
 And Gold confound you howsoe'er: Amen.

3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by persuading
 me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us not
 to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 I'll believe him as an Enemy,
 And give over my Trade.

1 Let us first see peace in Athens, there is no time so
 miserable, but a man may be true. *Exit Thieves.*

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
 Is yon'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
 Full of decay and failing? Oh Monument
 And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd!
 What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?
 What vilder thing upon the earth, than Friends,
 Who can bring Noblest minds, to basest ends.
 How rarely does it meet with this times guise,
 When man was wisht to love his Enemies:
 Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do.
 Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest grief
 unto him; and as my Lord, still serve him with my life.
 My dearest Master.

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men.
Then, if thou grunt'st, th'art a man.
I have forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, ay all
I kept were Knaves, to serve in meat to Villains.

Stew. The Gods are witness,

I Nev'r did poor Steward wear a truer grief
I For his undone Lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?

Come nearer, then I love thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind: whose eyes do never give,
But thorough Lust and Laughter: pity's sleeping:
Strange times that weep with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
To accept my grief, and whil'st this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous Nature wild.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general, and exceptless rashness
You perpetual sober Gods. I do proclaim
One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:
No more I pray, and he's a Steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself. But all save thee,
I fell with Curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now, than wise:
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another Service:
For many so arrive at second Masters,
Upon their first Lords neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a Usuring kindness, and as rich men deal Gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose breast
Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I shew, Heaven knows, is merely Love,
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched mind;
Care of your Food and Living, and believe it,
My most Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
Here take: the Gods out of my misery
Has sent thee Treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,
Ere thou relieve the Beggar. Give to dogs
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
And may Diseases lick up their false bloods,
And so farewell, and thrive.

Stew. Oh let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curses
Stay not: fly, whil'st thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee. *Exit.*

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he
abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumour hold for true,
That he's so full of Gold?

Painter. Certain.

Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinica* and *Timandylo*
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
Poor straggling Soldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis said, he gave unto his Steward
A mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Has been but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing else:
You shall see him a Palm in Athens again,
And flourish with the highest:
Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves
To him, in this suppos'd distress of his:
It will shew honestly in us,
And is very likely, to load our purposes
With what they travail for,
If it be a just and true report, that goes
Of his having.

Poet. What have you now
To present unto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Visitation: only I will promise him
An excellent Piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best.
Promising, is the very Air o'th' Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is ever the duller for his act,
And but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,
The deed of Saying is quite out of use.
To Promise, is most Courtly and fashionable;
Performance, is a kind of Will or Testament
Which argues a great sickness in his judgment
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Timon. Excellent Workman,
Thou canst not paint a man so bad
As is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have provided for him:
It must be a personating of himself:
A Satire against the softness of Prosperity,
With a Discovery of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulence.

Timon. Must thou needs
Stand for a Villain in thine own Work?
Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men?
Do so, I have Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seek him.
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day serves before black-corner'd night;
Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt
In a baser Temple, than where Swine feed?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Bark, and plough'st the Foam,
Settest admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon.*

Pain. Our late Noble Master.

Timon. Have I once liv'd
To see two honest men?

Poet. Sir:

Having often of your open Bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your Friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless Natures (O abhorred Spirits)

Not all the Whips of Heaven, are large enough.
What, to you,
Whose Star-like Nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this Ingratitude
With any size of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. Ay, you are honest man.

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our service.

Timon. Most honest men:
Why how shall I requite you?
Can you eat Roots, and drink cold water, no?

Both. What we can do,
We'll do to do you service.

Tim. Y'are honest men,
Y'have heard that I have Gold,
I am sure you have, speak truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.

Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E'en so sir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even Natural in thine Art.
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you have a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Timon. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a Knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog,
See him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up-Villain.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Timon. Look you,
I love you well, I'll give you Gold
Rid me these Villains from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you Gold enough.

Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in Company:
Each man apart, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villain keeps him company:
If where thou art, two Villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou would'st not reside
But where one Villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaves:
You have work for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alchymist, make Gold of that:
Out Rascal dogs.

Exeunt.

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vain that you would speak with *Timon*:

For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. *Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.
It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
To speak with *Timon*.

2. *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: bring us to him
And chanc'd it as it may.

Stew. Here is his Cave:
Peace and content be here. Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,
Look out, and speak to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee:
Speak to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sun that comforts burn,
Speak and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.

1 Worthy *Timon*.

Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of *Timon*.

1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.

Tim. I thank them,
And would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for then.

1 O forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens, who have thought
On special Dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 They confess

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general gross;
 Which now the public Body, which doth seldom
 Play the re-canter, feeling in itself
 A lack of *Timons* aid, hath since withal
 Of it own fall, restraining aid to *Timon*,
 And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
 Together, with a recompence more fruitful
 Than their offence can weigh down by the Dram,
 Ay even such heaps and sums of Love and Wealth,
 As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
 And write in thee the figures of their love,
 Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears;
 Lend me a Fools heart, and a womans eyes,
 And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy Senators.

1 Therefore so please thee to return with us,
 And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
 The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
 Live with Authority: so soon we shall drive back
 Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
 Who like a Boar too savage, doth root up
 His Countrys peace.

2 And shakes his threat'ning Sword
 Against the walls of *Athens*.

1 Therefore *Timon*.

Tim. Well sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus:
 If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
 Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
 That *Timon* cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
 And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards,
 Giving our holy Virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war:
 Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speaks it,
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,

I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their Knives care not,
While you have throats to answer. For myself,
There's not a whittle, in th'unruly Camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverends Throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Thieves to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seen to morrow. My long sickness
Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.

1 We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving Countrymen.

1 These words become your lips as they pass thorough
them.

2 And enter in our ears, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Love, with other incident throes
That Natures fragile Vessel doth sustain
In lifes uncertain voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
I'll teach them to prevent wild *Alcibiades* wrath.

1 I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,

From high to low throughout, that who so please
 To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
 Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
 And hang himself. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
 Find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting Mansion
 Upon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
 Who once a day with his embossed Froth,
 The turbulent Surge shall cover; thither come,
 And let my grave-stone be your Oracle:
 Lips, let four words go by, and Language end:
 What is amiss, Plague and Infection mend.
 Graves only be mens works, and Death their gain;
 Sun, hide thy Beams, *Timon* hath done his Reign. *Exit Timon.*

1 His discontents are unremovably coupled to Nature.
 2 Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
 And strain what other means is left unto us
 In our dear peril.

1 It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

2 Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his Files
 As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.
 Besides his expedition promises present approach.

2. We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a Courier, one mine ancient Friend,
 Whom though in general part we were oppos'd,
 Yet our old love made a particular force,
 And made us speak like Friends. This man was riding
 From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's* Cave,
 With Letters of entreaty, which imported
 His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,
 In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Here come our Brothers.
 3 No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
 The Enemys Drum is heard, and fearful scouring
 Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare,
 Ours is the fall I fear, our Foes the Snare.

Exeunt.

Enter a Soldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
 Who's here? Speak hoa. No answer? What is this?
Tymon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
 Some Beast read this; There does not live a Man.
 Dead sure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tomb,
 I cannot read: the Charracter I'll take with wax,
 Our Captain hath in every Figure skill;
 An ag'd Interpreter, though young in days:
 Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
 Whose fall the mark of his Ambition is.

Exit.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lascivious Town,
 Our terrible approach. *Sounds a Parley.*

The Senators appear upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
 With all Licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of Justice. Till now, myself and such
 As slept within the shadow of your power
 Have wander'd with our travers't Arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
 When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries (of itself) no more: Now breathless wrong,
 Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,
 And pursy Insolence shall break his wind
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young;

When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages Balm,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loves
Above their quantity.

2 So did we woo

Transformed *Timon*, to our Citys love
By humble Message, and by promist means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 These walls of ours,
Were not erected by rheir hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your grief: Nor are they such,
That these great Towers, Trophies, and Schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spread,
By decimation and a tithed death;
If thy Revenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then dear Countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended, like a Shepherd,
Approach the Fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,

Than hew to't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot

Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou't enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Glove,

Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Glove,

Defend and open your uncharged Ports,
Those Enemies of *Timons*, and mine own
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of Regular Justice in your Citys bounds,
But shall be remedied to your public Laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble General, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th'Sea,
And on his Gravestone, this Insculpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.

*Here lies a wretched Corse, of wretched Soul bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Caitiffs left:
Here lie I *Timon*, who alive, all living men did hate,
Pass by, and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy gate.
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:*

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our Brains flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low Grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whose Memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your City,
And I will use the Olive, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leech.
Let our Drums strike.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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From the *Scotsman*, June 12, 1879.

The Third Part of Mr Allan Park Paton's important "Hamnet" Edition of Shakspere is *The Tragedy of Cymbeline*. As in the two plays which have preceded it, Mr Paton reproduces the text of the First Folio, modernising the spelling, and preserving—as the distinctive and most important feature of the Edition—all the Emphasis-Capitals. Once more, too, Mr Paton includes an introductory essay—his subject on this occasion being more especially the relative value of the four Folio Editions, and the variations between them in the matter of Emphasis-Capitals. On both these points Mr Paton's view differs widely from those which have commanded general acceptance, but appears to have considerable justification, and is certainly based on the most laborious research, combined with that spirit of true reverence for Shakspere which, in too many of the modern commentators, is absolutely wanting. Mr Paton gives fresh proof of the unwearied industry he brings to his task by appending to his introductory essay lists of all the Emphasis-Capitals in the First Folio text of "Cymbeline," which are wanting in the three subsequent Folios, and also of those which are freshly introduced in those Editions. In respect of typographic clearness and beauty, this third instalment of the Hamnet Edition is fully equal to those which have preceded it.

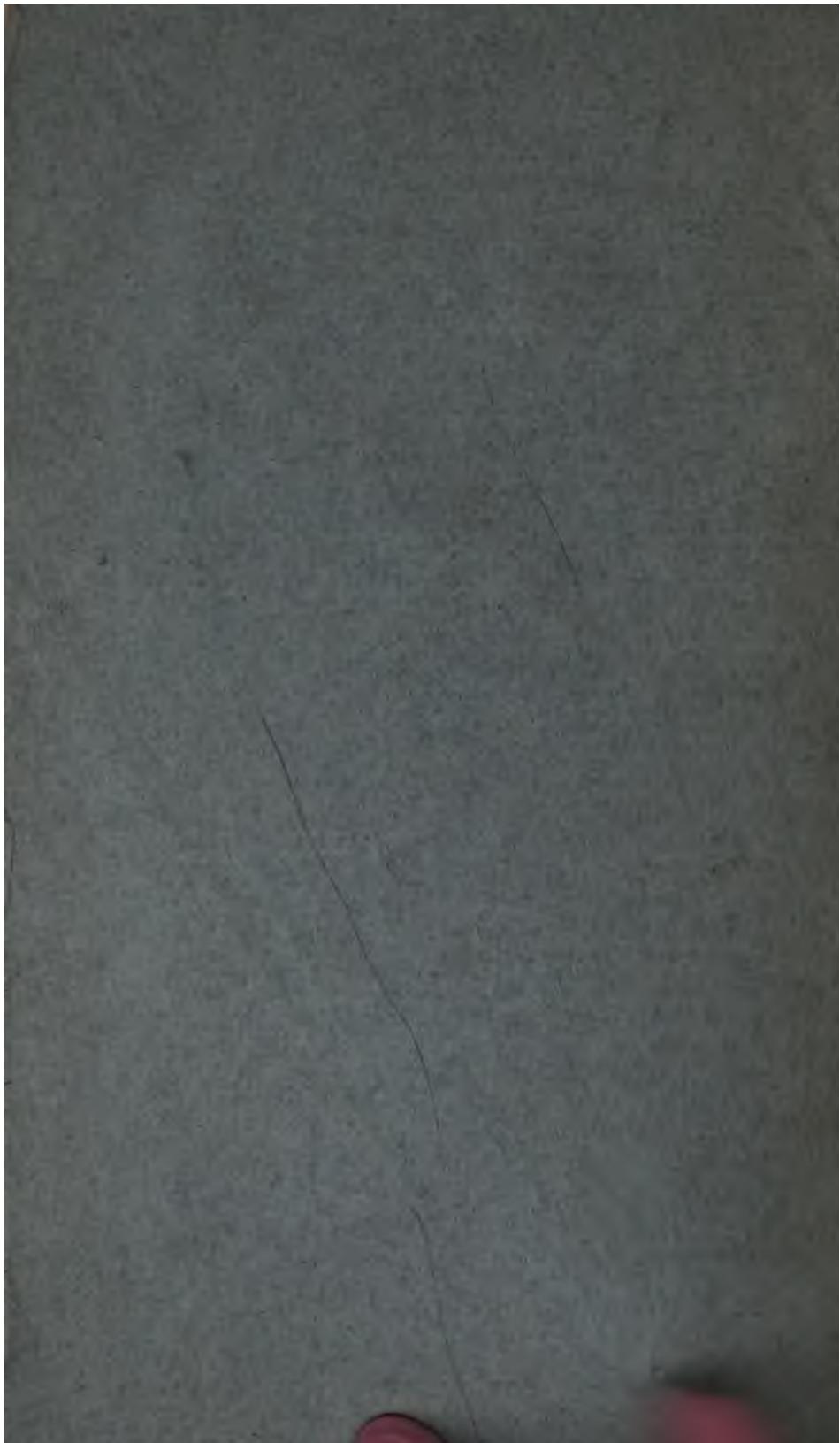
From the *Glasgow Herald*, May 16, 1879.

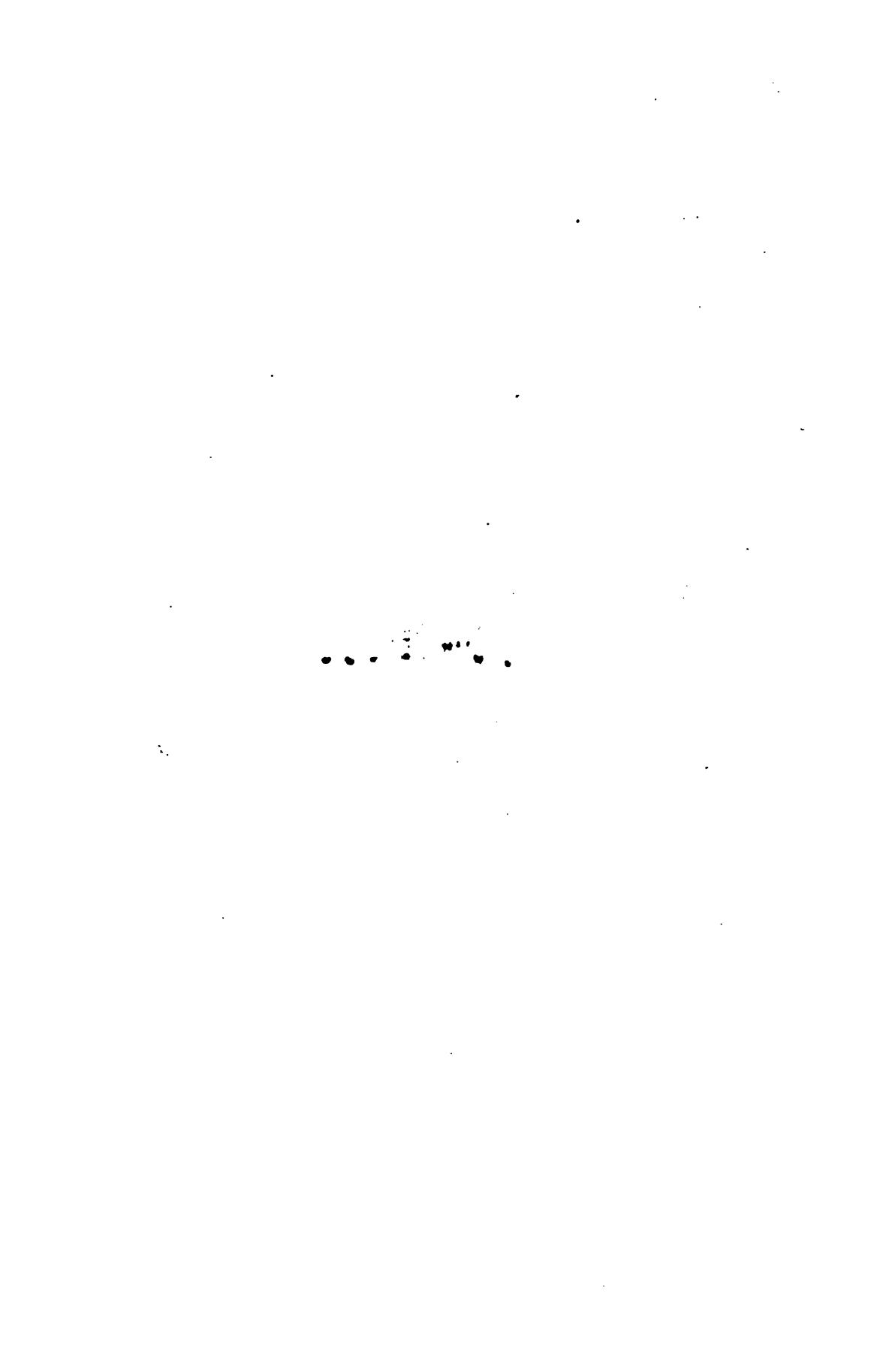
"Cymbeline" is the Third Part of Mr Allan Park Paton's admirable reprint of the First Folio Edition of Shakspere. In noticing the issue of "Hamlet" a few months ago, we took occasion to compliment the Editor on the care with which his work had been performed, and the excellent manner in which the book was got up. We can but repeat our commendation in the present case. Loving and most painstaking care is everywhere evident, while the paper and typography are such as to satisfy the most fastidious of book epicures. In his introduction Mr Paton pursues his researches on the subject of Shakspere's use of Emphasis-Capitals, and brings forward further matter in support of his views. He certainly is most industrious, and if perseverance will establish a theory he ought to succeed. We are bound to say that already we feel ourselves wavering towards his views. Mr Paton, following up his original plan, gives a list of all the lines in "Cymbeline," with Emphasis-Capitals in the Second, Third, and Fourth Folio Editions, showing the agreements and disagreements in this respect of these Editions with the First Folio. When we say that these tables extend over twenty octavo pages, it will be evident that the Editor has undertaken and completed no light task. We have but to mention that "Timon of Athens" will be the next number, and to wish Mr Paton all the success he deserves in his scholarly labour.

From the *Daily Review*, May 15, 1879.

Mr Paton, who in the former parts of this Edition, indicated his theory as to the Emphasis-Capitals in Shakspere's Plays, applies it in this with the same industry and ability to the Tragedy of Cymbeline. Statistics are given "of such of the Emphasis-Capitals of Shakspere as were omitted by each of the Second, Third and Fourth Folios, and of new Emphasis-Capitals shown by it in each of these." The lists imply great labour of a true and thorough kind, the results of which will be appreciated by Shakspere scholars of every opinion.

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